

The Daily Mirror

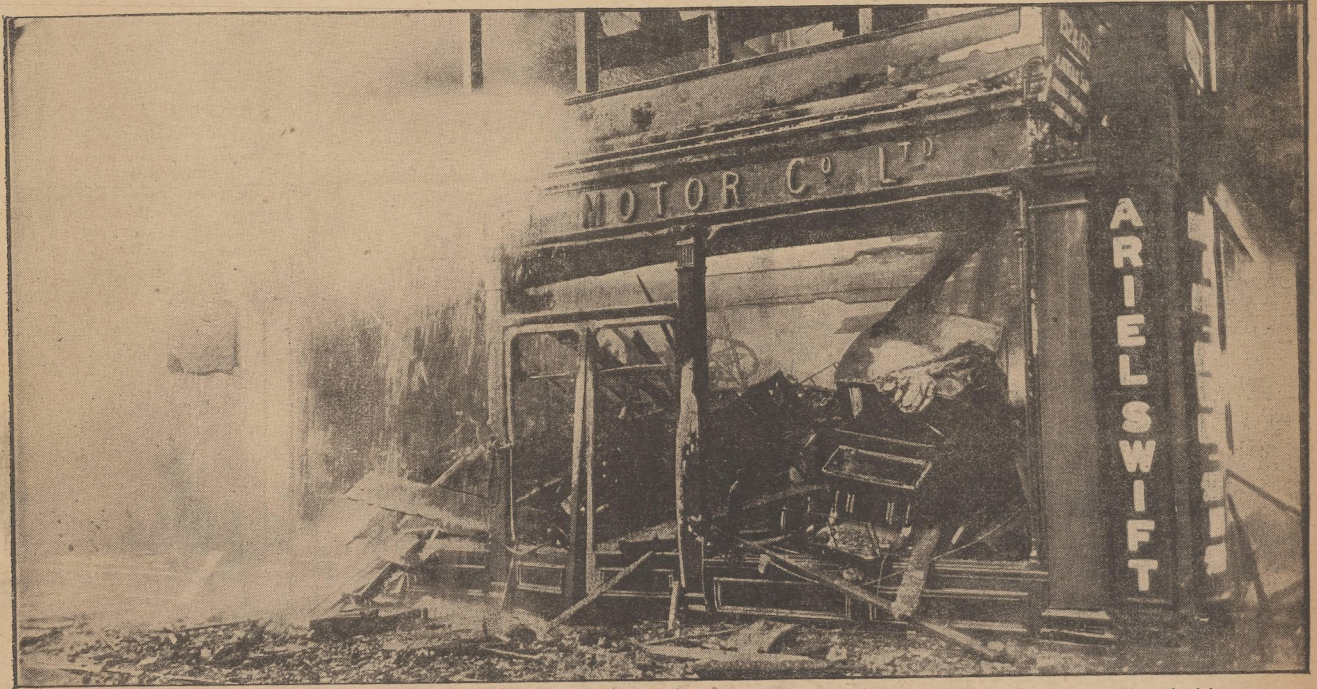
No. 409.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

OVER £100,000 WORTH OF MOTOR-CARS DESTROYED BY FIRE YESTERDAY.



The exterior of the Ariel Motor Company's warehouse in Long Acre; where the great fire originated yesterday morning. It is estimated that nearly £20,000 worth of damage was done to the motor-cars at the Ariel works alone. The debris of many of the ruined cars is shown in this photograph.—(*Daily Mirror* copyright.)



View of the interior of one of the wrecked carriage works, showing all that remains of thousands of pounds worth of motor-cars and carriages. All the vehicles in this establishment were destroyed.—(*Daily Mirror* copyright.)

OBITUARY—On February 20, at No. 36, Edwards-square, Kensington, the wife of Henry Alfred Anthony Crane, of the

HAVEY.—On February 17, at 1713, Queen's-gate S.W., the wife of Sidney Harvey, of a son.

LEON.—On February 19, at 124, Curzon-street, Mayfair, the wife of William Leion, of a son.

SAMBRIDGE.—On February 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Sambridge, 10, Montpelier-square, S.W., a daughter.

SHARP.—On February 19, at 6, Grosvenor-road, Egham, S.E., the wife of Gerald H. Sheppard, of a daughter.

SUTCLIFFE.—On February 18, at 100, Lonsdale-road, Upper Tooting, S.W., the wife of James Sutcliffe, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

SPARLING-STUART.—On February 21, at St. John the Evangelist's, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, the wife of James Halliday Sparling, of 15, Villa Davoust Avenue (Seine), to Miss Stuart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Stuart, of 36, Overton-road, S.W.

DEATHS.

BERRY.—On the 20th inst., at Birchfield, Aberdeen Park, N. Mary, elder daughter of the late John Berry, will be kindly accepted that, the only intimation.

DURELL.—On February 20, at 10, Upper Richmond Road, S.W., the wife of the late Frederick Durell, of a son.

HAILE.—On February 20, at 12, St. Mary Abbott's-terrace, Kensington, the wife of the late Major-General W. G. Hailey, Royal-Engineers, in her 82nd year.

LEE.—On the 21st inst., at 15, Collingham-gardens, London, the wife of the late Henry Lee, of a son.

ROGET.—On February 20, at 12, Westbourne-terrace-road, the wife of the late Peter Arnot Roget, aged 79, only daughter of the late Peter Arnot Roget, M.P., 12, S. to Waverley.

MARKETING BY POST.

BEEF IS CHEAP, and we mean to let the general public have the benefit of the low prices.

BEST CHILLED NORTH AMERICAN SIRLOIN or WING BIF. 6d. per lb.

Best Chilled South American Sirloin or Wing Bif. 7d. per lb.

New Zealand Lamb about 8lb. the quarter. Hind-quarters 5s. 6d. and 5s. 12s. and 5s. 12s. per lb.

American Ox Tails, 6d. to 10d. each. Lamb Sweetbreads, 1s. per lb.

8s. or 9s. carriage free, per C. P. and Co. Cash on delivery.

To all parts rail rate reduced carriage, each order.

WM. FITTER and CO., 55, Leadenhall Market, E.C. Established 1687. Address daily.

FISH: fresh, 6d. to 9d. 2d. 11lb. 3s. 14lb. 2s. 21lb. 5s. 24lb. 6s. 28lb. 7s. 32lb. 8s. 36lb. 9s. 40lb. 10s. 44lb. 11s. 48lb. 12s. 52lb. 13s. 56lb. 14s. 60lb. 15s. 64lb. 16s. 68lb. 17s. 72lb. 18s. 76lb. 19s. 80lb. 20s. 84lb. 21s. 88lb. 22s. 92lb. 23s. 96lb. 24s. 100lb. 25s. 104lb. 26s. 108lb. 27s. 112lb. 28s. 116lb. 29s. 120lb. 30s. 124lb. 31s. 128lb. 32s. 132lb. 33s. 136lb. 34s. 140lb. 35s. 144lb. 36s. 148lb. 37s. 152lb. 38s. 156lb. 39s. 160lb. 40s. 164lb. 41s. 168lb. 42s. 172lb. 43s. 176lb. 44s. 180lb. 45s. 184lb. 46s. 188lb. 47s. 192lb. 48s. 196lb. 49s. 200lb. 50s. 204lb. 51s. 208lb. 52s. 212lb. 53s. 216lb. 54s. 220lb. 55s. 224lb. 56s. 228lb. 57s. 232lb. 58s. 236lb. 59s. 240lb. 60s. 244lb. 61s. 248lb. 62s. 252lb. 63s. 256lb. 64s. 260lb. 65s. 264lb. 66s. 268lb. 67s. 272lb. 68s. 276lb. 69s. 280lb. 70s. 284lb. 71s. 288lb. 72s. 292lb. 73s. 296lb. 74s. 300lb. 75s. 304lb. 76s. 308lb. 77s. 312lb. 78s. 316lb. 79s. 320lb. 80s. 324lb. 81s. 328lb. 82s. 332lb. 83s. 336lb. 84s. 340lb. 85s. 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NORTH SEA OUTRAGE. RESULT.

Paris Commission Publishes
an Amazing Finding.

RUSSIANS ABSOLVED.

Admiral Rojestvensky Held To Be
Justified in Firing.

HULL INDIGNANT.

PARIS, Wednesday Night.—The Report of the North Sea Inquiry Commission, drawn up by Admiral von Spaun, says that Admiral Rojestvensky was justified in believing that his squadron was in danger, and that he had the right, in the circumstances, to act as he did.—Reuter.

It was known in Paris that the North Sea Commission met in secret session on Tuesday, and that, while the report had been completed, there was no reason to believe that the commissioners were not in perfect agreement upon any one of the conclusions contained therein.

With the desire to avoid diplomatic complications and to possibly succeed in producing a report which would command the support of the majority of the Commissioners, it was agreed to appoint three editors.

Consequently Admiral von Spaun (Austria), Admiral Davis (America), and Commander Winterholder (of the Austrian Navy) were appointed.

Reuter's telegram, which we print above, would seem to indicate that these editors have agreed on the finding that Admiral Rojestvensky was not to blame.

THE COMMISSION'S PERSONNEL.

The Commissioners appointed to constitute the International Commission to inquire into the North Sea incident were Admiral Fournier (France), president, Sir Lewis Beaumont (Great Britain), Admiral Dubassoff (Russia), Admiral von Spaun (Austria), and Admiral Davis (America).

SURPRISE IN THE LOBBY.

Till the report is published official members are reluctant to express opinions, but the report created great surprise in the Lobby.

Mr. Gibson Bowles expressed great faith in the constitution of the Commission, and said he was confident it would come to a fair decision on the evidence.

THE NEWS IN HULL.

Fishermen Furious at the Result of the North Sea Inquiry.

It was half-past six yesterday evening when the finding of the Paris tribunal that the "Mad-dog" fleet were in no way to blame for firing on the North Sea fishing boats arrived in Hull.

It was posted up in the newspaper offices, round which angry crowds congregated, and the news spread like wildfire through the town.

"Dazed" is the only word that expresses the condition of the fishermen when they heard it. They could hardly believe it, and many were the ejaculations—"It can't be true," "There must be a mistake somewhere"—which passed from mouth to mouth.

But it was true, and soon the feeling of astonishment gave way to one of intense indignation.

Ever since the outrage these humble fisherfolk have been to some extent solaced for the death of their comrades by the certain conviction that at least the perpetrators would be heavily punished for their "mistake," and the victims avenged.

Now, even this satisfaction is taken from them, and a mere glance at the tight-lipped, glowering crowd made it very clear that it would be a bad day indeed for the Russian sailors if ever they meet the fishermen on equal terms.

Yesterday's Parliamentary papers contained notice of the following question by Sir Seymour King, M.P.:

"To ask the First Lord of the Treasury whether arrangements have been made to afford full protection on the Dogger Bank during the passage of the Russian third Baltic fleet through the North Sea."

PEACE PROSPECTS. Diplomatists Look on Pacific Rumours With Suspicion.

The chances of peace between Russia and Japan were the subject of much-varied comment in diplomatic circles in London yesterday.

So far as the attitude of the official mind can be ascertained, the prospect for the present is not a very hopeful one.

Viscount Hayashi, on the one hand, knows nothing of the rumoured negotiations of peace. On the other, Count Benckendorff is ignorant of Reuter's authority for the proposals which they issued to the British Press. Other officials declare that they could not have come from an authorised source.

The feeling in commercial circles in the City is that if the question of an indemnity were once settled peace could be secured within a week. Japan it is stated, would, in certain circumstances, even forego the indemnity which has lately become so sore a point with Russia.

It is thought that a letter sent by the Tsar to King Edward last week had reference to the war. When the question of peace was discussed at the Imperial Palace it was regarded as impossible that Russia should take the initiative.

German opinion is reflected in the "Kölnische Zeitung," which says that neither Japan nor Russia is as yet willing to accept mediation.

"The present is not an opportune time for Russia to even think of peace," are the terms in which the "Temps" voices the general view in Paris.

NO FOOD OR ARMS.

Polish Democrats Issue Proclamation Against
a Futile Revolution.

WARSAW, Wednesday.—The Polish National Democratic Party this morning issued a proclamation urging the people not to start a revolution.

The document states that arms, money, and leaders are lacking, and that aid cannot be expected from other countries. It says:—

"Austria is weak, France is Russia's ally, and England is always practical. A revolution would only result in useless bloodshed, and it is better to continue to work quietly and peacefully to obtain our ends."—Reuter.

RESIGNED TO ASSASSINATION.

"I am on the list of those who are condemned to death, so it does not matter."

These laconic words are attributed by the "New York Herald" to Grand Duke Alexis as he started from St. Petersburg to Moscow the other night. He arrived at Moscow yesterday morning.

COSSACKS FATAL CHARGE.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The "Petit Parisien" publishes the following from its St. Petersburg correspondent:—Yesterday two bodies of Cossacks interfered with some workmen who were gathered near a manufactory with the object of dispersing them.

The workmen resisted, and the Cossacks charged, killing two and wounding many.—Reuter.

MILLIONAIRE SUED.

"Buffalo Bill" Wants £30,000 for "Starring"
Mrs. Howard Gould on Tour.

Mr. Howard Gould, the New York millionaire, says Laffan, is being sued by "Buffalo Bill" for £30,000, which he alleges were expended in starring Mrs. Gould, formerly Miss Katharine Clemmons, an actress, in 1898.

She appeared in London for a few weeks in 1892 at the Old Princess's Theatre, in Oxford-street. Though Jay Gould, the founder of the family, hated the stage, two of his sons married actresses. His eldest son, George, married Miss Edith Kingdon, of Daly's Theatre, New York.

When, after his father's death, Mr. Howard Gould married Miss Clemmons, the family did not attend the wedding.

He is indebted to his wife for a great deal of litigation. Being of a masterful spirit, she would go on board her yacht and discharge all hands from the captain to the cook's mate. They left, and sued her husband. The servants of the household were served in the same way.

ABHORRED WORD "ENGLISH."

The Convention of the Scottish Royal Burghs yesterday decided to ask the Scottish Education Department to direct that in Scottish schools only history books should be used giving an account from the Scottish standpoint of Scottish events, and that the words "British and Britain" should be used instead of "English and England" in books dealing with British history after the union of the Crowns.

STRIKING TOKENS OF REVIVING PROSPERITY IN THE CITY.

RISE IN ALL STOCKS.

The signs of a trade revival are unmistakable. They are not merely in the air. They are in the yards, the mills, and the markets of the country. Consols, which represent the pulse of the nation's prosperity, are beating up briskly every day, and it is a moot point that they may go to "par."

During the present month they have advanced five points.

February 2, Yesterday.
Consols. 88½ 91½

Among railway stocks there has been an upward movement all along the line, as the undernoted figures show:—

MONTH'S ADVANCES.	
	Pts.
North-Western Railway	6
North-Eastern	4½
North British	3
Caledonian	2½
Midland Preferred	4
Great Northern	3
London and Brighton	4½

"The heavy buying of Consols," explained a City authority to the *Daily Mirror*, "is not merely speculative. It is principally pure investment."

Some of the demand for investments is due to the money obtained by owners of land in Ireland, who have, during the last few days, been paid in cash for their property by the Government."

Practically every kind of gilt-edged security went up yesterday.

Rumours of peace caused heavy buying of Japanese stocks. The Four per Cents. advanced 2½ and the new Five per Cents. 1½. Russian Fours have shared in the rise, advancing ½.

In the last few days the rise in stocks has overshadowed everything else, but now a distinct strengthening in South Africans is reported, and Westralians, with few exceptions, have advanced, while West Africans are firm.

Commercial men everywhere are exchanging congratulations after the long spell of depression.

"We expect the next Budget to have a more optimistic ring than any we have had since the prosperous days before the Boer war," said a leading member of the London Chamber of Commerce yesterday.

"Take the other trade. The building buyer is shaking off his timidity, and building operations are again getting into a good stride. The same is true of all the large staple industries. Masters and men have for a common topic the boom that is setting in."

In Yorkshire and Lancashire, for example, and also among the woollen-manufacturing towns districts of Scotland—Hawick, Galashiels, Selkirk, Peebles, Alloway—many mills are going day and night."

TRIO OF JILTS.

Sympathetic Jury's Awards to Girls Dis-
appointed in Love.

Three breach of promise cases were heard at the Liverpool Assizes yesterday.

In the first case a Wigan pit-brow girl who was deserted by a collier after the banns had been published was awarded £40 damages.

The heartiest love in the second case was a Wavertree joiner of sixty years of age. His letter, to a trained nurse, who was awarded £30 damages, were evidently always written just before he went to bed, for they invariably ended: "My eyes are heavy with slumber, but my heart is awake with love."

In the third case an employee in Messrs. Vickers, Son, and Maxim's works at Barrow forsook a housemaid of Canon Gordon, of Southport, for a barmaid.

He had to pay the housemaid £100.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Forty-five bodies have now been recovered from the Virginia mine, says a Reuter's Birmingham (U.S.) telegram.

It is believed in Paris, says Laffan, that Russian students hacked the "Libre Parole" in connection with the alleged interview with Father Gapon.

Herr von Oppen, of Aldershot, has left full instructions for the care of his many pets. A veterinary surgeon receives a good income for looking after the health of the animals.

A Berlin railway official who was recently rewarded for preventing a catastrophe to a train near Katernberg has now been convicted of placing the obstruction on the line himself.

The committee investigating New York police conditions have been recommended, says Laffan, by the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of Madison-square Presbyterian Church, to go to Scotland Yard for a competent commissioner.

M. Jusseraud, the French Ambassador at Washington, yesterday presented to the Congress of the United States on behalf of the people of France a bust of George Washington mounted on a marble pedestal.—Reuter.

EXCITING SCENE IN PARLIAMENT.

The Sir A. Macdonnell Affair Again
a Danger to the Government.

MR. BALFOUR HECKLED.

The Feeling Now Is That "Somebody
Must Resign."

DIARY OF AN M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Wednesday Evening.—The lengthy debate we had yesterday on the Antony Macdonnell incident has not by any means cleared up the situation, and again to-day it has, in point of interest, put the Army Debate entirely in the shade.

The first reminder we had of it to-day came from Mr. Dillon, who had a question to the Chief Secretary on some Irish subject, and as Mr. Wyndham was not in his place at the time the question was reached the member for Mayo, in postponing his question, caustically added: "If he has not already resigned."

A few minutes later the Chief Secretary put in an appearance, and by his answers to the Nationalists, made it abundantly clear that he was in his best combative form, and, altogether, unlike a Minister with any thought of resignation.

An inquiry by Mr. Lonsdale as to whether it was proposed to retain Sir Antony Macdonnell, with special powers beyond the usual rights of Civil Servants, raised the one point above all others that the Government would have desired to remain dormant.

Mr. Balfour read a carefully prepared reply, the principal statement in which was that such a situation had been recently arisen could not possibly occur again.

MR. REDMOND'S NOTES.

At once the Nationalists were on their feet by the half-dozed clamouring to know what alterations had been made in the conditions of the Under-Secretary's appointment.

With some reluctance Mr. Wyndham admitted that in future every matter affecting his office would come under his personal notice—an obviously obvious check to the Under-Secretary's authority.

For some minutes there was an exciting scene between Mr. Redmond and Mr. Wyndham, the former shouting to the Chief Secretary to "tell the whole truth," an observation for which he had subsequently to apologise to the House. "Notwithstanding the severe 'heckling'" to which the Government were subjected the Nationalists were still dissatisfied, and supported by the Opposition they asked for, and obtained, leave to move the adjournment of the House to discuss the whole question, the debate, under the new rules of the House, standing over till the evening sitting.

On this occasion Mr. Redmond had his notes in perfect order, and there were some people wicked enough to suggest that the main reason why the adjournment was moved was to enable the House to have the benefit of the speech that he mislaid the notes of at yesterday's sitting. On this occasion he certainly made the most of his opportunity, and both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Wyndham were very seriously annoyed at some of the insinuations that were put forward.

Without a doubt this Macdonnell affair seems likely to create more trouble for the Ministry than even the all-important fiscal divisions. Many prominent Unionists are annoyed at Mr. Wyndham having lent himself to negotiations which practically amounted to Home Rule, and they are greatly displeased that he still remains within the ranks of the Unionist Party.

The feeling in many minds to-night is not so much "Who will resign?" but rather that "Somebody must resign."

ARMY CHANGES.

The interval between question-time and the dinner-hour was taken up by a discussion of Captain Norton's amendment to the Address, calling in question the many changes that have been made in Army administration, as being disastrous to the public service. The best speech of the afternoon was Major Seely's, which dealt mainly with the War Minister's treatment of the auxiliary forces, and was in every respect a powerful appeal for more business-like methods in Pall Mall.

The prolongation of the debate on the Address, however, seems likely to prevent the free food motion being reached on Tuesday next. An opportunity will, however, arise a fortnight hence, when Mr. Winston Churchill, who was successful in the ballot to-day, will submit a resolution on the subject of preferential trading with the Colonies.

The terms of the motion will, I understand, be so drawn as to make it absolutely impossible for the free traders on the Government side to vote against it. Tariff reformers in the House are delighted at the prospect of a thorough debate on the subject.

£100,000 FIRE.

Blaze of Motor-cars Fed by
Exploding Petrol Tanks.

EXCITING RESCUES.

Gallant Fireman Risks His Life in Saving
a Youth From a Window.

The largest fire which has occurred in London since that at Haydon-square Goods Station nearly a year ago, broke out yesterday in Long Acre, and caused damage to the extent of considerably over £100,000.

A policeman on duty at 6.30 a.m. heard petrol-tanks explode like mines on the premises occupied by the Ariel Motor-car Company and Messrs. Slater, coachbuilders. Flames immediately shot out from the ground-floor windows, and by the time fire-engines and escapes had assembled the building was well alight.

Captain Hamilton was in command of the Fire Brigade, and Colonel Fox, of the Salvage Corps, practically the whole of which was engaged. Thirty fire engines were eventually needed.

The eleven persons who slept in the rooms above the burning motor garage were rescued with great difficulty from the roof by firemen, who carried them down an iron staircase.

A German lad rushed back to save his clothes and was cut off by the flames. Even the firemen thought that he had perished.

Heroic Rescue.

Suddenly, amid intense excitement, the youth appeared at a window and waved his arms appealingly.

A young fireman, William Bullock, sprang up a ladder to his rescue, while those below held their breath. Brilliant flames from the blazing petrol encircled Bullock as he mounted, and three hoses had to be played upon him. In little more than two minutes the gallant fellow had seized the youth and carried him down to safety.

Bullock had his eyebrows and eyelashes burned off, and has been put upon the sick list.

"If we had not played the three big hoses around him he would have been burnt to death," said an officer of the brigade; "no human being could have endured that heat without water."

To the *Daily Mirror* Bullock said, "I never thought I should reach him. The flames seemed to be in sheets. I collapsed once through the heat and the violence of the stream of water which struck me in the back, but somehow I reached the window."

Several Buildings Ablaze.

Very soon Morgan's carriage works and the Eagle carriage works were also ablaze, and the flames spread to Upper St. Martin's-lane and Castle-street. The premises of Messrs. Parker and Sons, saddlers, and Messrs. Holford's provision warehouse were burnt out, and the roof of the Sovereign public-house was damaged.

At 9.45 a.m. the walls of Messrs. Slater's premises fell in with a crash; the floors gave way, and nothing remained of £20,000 worth of show motor-cars from Olympia, except a heap of charred fragments of iron and timber.

In an interview with the *Daily Mirror*, Mr. Harvey du Cros, jun., the owner of the burnt motors, said: "I have not saved even a spanner from the fire. All my show cars are destroyed. The lowest value of my Ariel, Swift, and Mercedes motors is £20,000."

The Collier Twin Tyre Company had their premises slightly damaged, and lost a lot of rubber goods, including a set of the King's motor tyres, sent on Tuesday to be fitted with non-skidding gear.

Firemen played upon the buildings all day. Gas escaped and burnt freely until the roadway was taken up and the supply cut off.

FIRE INCIDENTS.

Beans saturated with oils burnt for hours.

The chief damage was done to 130, 133, 134, and 135, Long Acre.

A strong wind caused the fire to spread rapidly in all directions.

Twelve years ago Messrs. Morgan's old premises were burnt down.

By ten o'clock thousands of sightseers blocked the thoroughfares leading into Long Acre.

Hundreds of men assisted to haul out motor-cars and carriages from warehouses into the roadway.

So many telephone wires and poles were damaged that great inconvenience was caused at the Holborn Exchange and to subscribers.

WOMAN'S CLEVER RESCUE.

There were several narrow escapes from the fire which destroyed Cooper's Hill House, Stroud, the residence of Mr. Lloyd.

Two women servants had to be dragged from their bedrooms along the coping of the roof, and were badly burned.

The cook saved two fellow-servants by stretching her hand to them from a window.

AGRA DIAMOND SOLD.

£5,100 Given for Jewel of Strange and
Striking History.

The sale of the famous Agra diamond at Christie's yesterday, where it was the last item in the sale of the stock of the well-known Bond-street firm of jewellers, Messrs. Streeter and Co., attracted a remarkable gathering.

Resting on some wadding in a shabby little cardboard box, the precious jewel reposed in a glass case, carefully guarded by policemen in uniform and several detectives.

It was catalogued as a magnificent rose-pink diamond of the highest quality, weight 31 13-32 carats, and was put up for sale without remark from the auctioneer.

One thousand pounds was the first bid, which was rapidly increased by £200 and £200 bids until the price reached £4,900, which sum was offered by Mr. Max Mayer, the Hatton-garden dealer.

There was a pause, which was followed by the auctioneer exclaiming, "£5,000." All eyes turned to Mr. Mayer, twice the hammer fell, and he nodded, and the valuable stone was knocked down to him for £5,100.

Its history, as far as can be gathered, is that it was taken from the King of Delhi in 1557, brought to England in a horseball, which a horse was made to swallow, subsequently being purchased by the Duke of Brunswick, who had a mania for collecting precious stones.

KING AT THE HORSE SHOW.

His Majesty and the Queen Much Interested
in the Exhibits.

Soon after twelve yesterday loud shouts and hurrahs heralded the approach of the King and Queen to the Royal Agricultural Hall to visit the twenty-sixth annual London show of the Shire Horse Society.

Lord Rothschild escorted their Majesties to the royal box, which was adorned with flowers.

The King, looking exceedingly well, was wearing a silk hat and dark overcoat. The Queen wore a black toque with ostrich feathers and a black coat with sables, and looked as youthful as ever.

More than once a remark from the Queen, who sat at his right hand, elicited a hearty laugh from his Majesty.

On leaving afterwards presented to Lord Rothschild the championship cup he won with Girtan Charmer.

EVERTON'S UNIONIST CANDIDATE.



Mr. Harwood Banner, the Chamberlainite Protectionist candidate, who contested yesterday's election at Everton.

KILLED BY RED TAPE.

Model Labourer's Dwelling That Could Not
Be Constructed.

Because its erection constituted an offence under a by-law of the East of London Rural Council, Mr. W. S. Blunt, of Crabtree Park, has had to pull down a small model house of timber, felt, and iron which he had nearly completed.

Nothing remains but two brick chimneys, and an attempt to prove that the agricultural poor can be adequately housed for a very small expenditure has consequently been thwarted.

LORD KITCHENER ANGRY.

"I am sorry to hear," writes the London correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian," "of rather serious disputes in India between Lord Kitchener and General Elles, who, as military member of the Governor-General's Council, has financial control over Lord Kitchener."

BONMARTINI TRIAL.

History of a Brother's Fearful
Revenge by Dagger.

COUNTESS' IN THE DOCK.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

TRIN, Wednesday.—All Italy is watching the Bonmartini trial with the keenest interest.

Those privileged to find places in the crowded court have eyes only for the tall figure of the Countess Linda, as she stands, hour after hour, in the cage-like dock.

Carlo Secchi, the passionate lover, and Tullio Murri, the Countess's brother, with the other accused, are overlooked in the pathetic interest which surrounds the central figure.

The Countess Linda is somewhat taller than the average Italian woman, but she has the oval face, dark, flashing eyes, and clear complexion of her race.

The Murris, if not exactly aristocrats, rank high in exclusive Bologna, where intellect counts before blood.

Story of the Crime.

Sympathy overflows for the Countess Linda. Everyone in Italy has heard of how one day, after enduring her husband's insults to herself and her family, and his vile allusions to the disreputable women whose society he preferred to that of his beautiful young wife, she went home to her father and brother prostrate and weeping.

"My God," she cried bitterly, "I cannot stand it any longer. If only someone would rid me of that brute!"

Tullio Murri rushed out of the house and sought his friend, Dr. Secchi. Passionately devoted to his sister, the young barrister besought his friend to give him a poison with which he might kill the Count. But the doctor had no poison which could be administered easily.

Time passed, and the Countess had to submit to further brutalities. Then came the tragic end.

On the night of September 2, 1902, Tullio, together with an accomplice named Naldi, awaited the Count's return. Naldi was timid and fearful. Tullio contemptuously produced a dagger and showed it to his companion.

Seventeen Wounds.

Four days later the police discovered the body of Count Bonmartini lying on the floor of his bedroom. He had been stabbed in seventeen places with a long stiletto, one of the blows having pierced the heart.

The police sought high and low for the murderers, but without result. Nine days after the crime Professor Murri, haggard and horribly ill, presented himself before a magistrate.

"Seek no further for the assassin of Count Bonmartini," he said in a voice which trembled with agitation. "I have come to tell you his name. It is my son, Tullio."

So Tullio Murri, together with his sister, Dr. Naldi, and the woman Bonetti, were arrested. Tullio did not deny having killed the Count, but declared that the blows were struck in self-defence. Carlo Secchi was not arrested until some weeks later, after he had declared he was aware of Tullio's intentions.

RUFFIANS DEFIED.

How a Japanese Wrestler Will Teach Our
Policemen to Master Hooligans.

Even little men may strut and domineer with impunity if they understand "Ju-jitsu," says Myaki, the famous Japanese wrestler, who recently defeated Yukio Tani. The City Police are going to qualify in the art under his instructions.

Yesterday on the stage of the Lyceum Music Hall he gave practical illustrations of methods by which Japanese policemen convey roughs to the lock-up.

He knows at least two hundred different arm and leg locks, and professed himself able to fall off an omnibus and alight gracefully without hurting either himself or the pavement.

TICKETED CRABS.

The Northumberland crab has been honoured with the privilege of a "season-ticket label."

It was thought advisable to find out his tendency to migrate to Scottish waters, and labels were attached to certain crabs released in Northumberland waters.

One of the crabs put into the water at Beadnell was retaken on the Kincardineshire coast of Scotland.

SAVING ON TOMMY'S CLOTHES.

Cheaper greatcoats for soldiers meant a saving last year to the nation of £19,139; shoulder cords instead of straps saved £9,975; abolition of rank badges on the left arm of full dress saved £6,000.

KRUGER'S MILLIONS.

Search for Treasure Hidden in Cement
in the Ocean Bed.

According to a Durban telegram, a Rand syndicate, formed for the purpose of making an effort to recover the late Mr. Kruger's bullion from the ba-que Dorothea, which sank off the Zululand coast, are completing arrangements for tunnelling the rocks.

Towards the end of the year 1898, the Swedish barque *Emestine* was bought and renamed the *Dorothea*. Hard by Delagoa Bay she was loaded with £20,000 of gold, valued at £450,000. This treasure is said to have been stolen from the Rand mines.

It was packed in twelve boxes and three bags, and then the whole was cemented together in the hold at the foot of the mast, and covered by a quantity of sand to avert suspicion.

The vessel set sail with papers entitling her to call at any port, but in reality she was bound for South America.

Lubberly Crew.

She did not proceed far on her voyage; for her crew were an unseamable crowd, and, encountering a terrific gale off Cape Vidal, on the Zululand coast, she drifted shorewards. Finally she struck on the Tenedos reef and broke her back.

In 1899 a Johannesburg gentleman attempted to recover this treasure. He met with a series of startling adventures in crossing the wild country of Zululand. He was then arrested for gun-running, and forced to return to Natal.

Again he was unsuccessful, owing to failure on the part of his diver, who actually found the wreck.

Later, the steamer *Penguin*, with twenty-five hands, was lost, being the fifth expedition to meet with failure and disaster.

It is rumoured that this latest expedition will attempt to recover these three tons of gold by blowing up the wreck.

TICKETS FOR TRAMPS.

Difficulty of Distinguishing Between Them
and Genuine Wayfarers.

Tickets for tramps were recommended by Mr. A. F. Vulliamy in a paper he read yesterday at the final sitting of the Central Poor Law Conference.

The problem, he said, was to make reasonable provision for wayfarers without encouraging tramps. In the universal adoption of the ticket system and the transference of the care of the tramp from the board of guardians to the State lay the solution.

The ticket obtained from the police should entitle the bearer to food and shelter at specified places sixteen miles apart on the route the wayfarer was taking.

Anyone entering a ward without a ticket should be liable to punishment and detention in a farm colony.

JUMBO JUNIOR'S DEBUT.

Smallest Elephant in the World Reaches the
Metropolis.

With her trunk wound around her owner's waist, Jumbo Junior, the smallest elephant in the world, signalled her arrival in London yesterday by flipping her ears and glancing intelligently round at the spectators who greeted her.

Jumbo Junior is only twelve months old, stands 33in. high, and weighs only 250lb. She was captured over her dead mother's body in a Burmah jungle three months ago.

There was keen competition from circus owners all over the world to obtain possession of her, and she finally became the property of Signor B. Volpi, of the Royal Italian Circus, at a record price.

Already Jumbo Junior can perform many clever tricks. She was too tired after her journey from Liverpool yesterday, however, to do more than walk about the audience at the Royal Italian Circus and accept sundry bananas.

WINDSOR ROYAL GHOSTS.

Another royal ghost story is told in "M. A. P." this week.

An officer in the Guards was reading a book in the Long Library in Windsor Castle, when suddenly turning round he saw "Queen Elizabeth, hoop, ruff, farthingale, high-heeled shoes, and all," bending over his shoulder absorbed in the same volume.

RARE MILITARY MEDALS.

At Messrs. Glendinning's auction-rooms yesterday a case of decorations of the Order of the Dorian Empire, presented by Shah Soogah to a Bombay inspector-general, fetched £50.

A Kandahar medal brought in the large sum of £14 10s.

Strange Allegations About Husband's Interference in Nursery.

DENIED CONFESSION.

Mrs. Jeffs, the Mexborough lady, who is alleged to have confessed that she "could not resist" a Mexborough Primitive Methodist minister, had her say in the Divorce Court yesterday.

She is a lady who looks as if she might have been a Gorton student, for she wears spectacles and has a serious type of face.

When she married Mr. Jeffs in 1895 the latter had a family by his first wife. It was with regard to their stepmother's treatment of these children that the first unpleasantness arose.

"When I gave them as much to eat as they asked for," said Mrs. Jeffs, "my husband complained," and when I limited them to a certain amount, he also complained.

The culmination of these dinner-table disputes, according to Mrs. Jeffs, was a slap in the face administered to her by her husband.

After a time he often used to slap her in the face, for no definite reason, when he passed the chair where she was sitting.

Those who had seen Mr. Jeffs in the witness-box—he belongs to the intellectual rather than the athletic type—were surprised when they heard from Mrs. Jeffs that her husband had once "jumped over the bed" before making an onslaught on her. He had got in a sudden rage about the putting away of a pair of trousers.

Remarks in Chapel.

So prominent and unmistakable, declared Mrs. Jeffs, was one of the bruises inflicted on her face by her husband that people made remarks about it at chapel.

One of his acts of violence was provoked by an umbrella. It belonged to one of the first family, but Mrs. Jeffs gave it to her own little boy to shelter him on his way to school.

Mr. Wilcock then asked the lady about her acquaintance with the minister. She was friendly to him, she said, just as her husband was friendly to him; nothing more. It was quite untrue that she had made the confession attributed to her by her husband.

During the day the minister took manifold notes at the solicitors' table. His counsel said that there was really no case for him to answer, but being a minister he intended to go into the witness-box.

The case was adjourned before the minister's turn to do so came.

MINISTER FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

The Rev. Jesse Wilson is well-known in South Wales and Monmouthshire, and has been a minister of the Primitive Methodist Connexion for twenty-five years.

He took a prominent part in the West Monmouthshire Parliamentary by-election in 1895, when Sir William Harcourt was returned.

MARRIED OR NOT?

Remarkable Defence Made to a 'Charge of Cruelty by a Wife.

A remarkable case of disputed marriage was heard yesterday at Gateshead, when the charge of cruelty brought by Elizabeth Hunter against her husband and his defence of no marriage was investigated.

The chief constable had taken the complainant to the registry office, and when outside she had described the room in which she said she had been married.

The only explanation he could afford was that she had been taken to the registry office and tricked. The ring had been pushed on her finger and she thought she was married.

The case was adjourned till to-morrow.

Woman Hermit Keeps a Record of Three Months' Privations.

The strange woman hermit of Stratford, during three months' voluntary privation and cold in a ruined wooden shed near Manby-grove, has kept a remarkable diary. It is a simple and pathetic record of her sufferings.

Here are some extracts:—

"I don't know which I dreaded most—the policemen or earwigs and centipedes. I was afraid the policeman would hear me cough, or that he might notice the light.

"During the first few weeks I scarcely slept because of cramp. And I think I had earwigs on the brain.

"I used to wonder how many earwigs there were in one family.

"For sixty hours I have been wet through and my feet have swollen badly.

"When I heard the wails just before Christmas I was thunderstruck. I had forgotten them. For a moment I wondered if I had died.

"Then I thought of our Saviour in the cattle-shed, and hoped the shed was not so draughtily as mine.

"If I was to die and there was an inquest I believe they would find my lungs covered with fungi and toadstools. That's how I feel."

LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR EVERTON.



Mr. Hanbury Aggs, the Free Trade candidate, at yesterday's election for the Everton Division.—(Russell and Sons.)

THE CURATE'S GUEST.

Sleeping Burglar's Boots Cleaned by His Reverend "Host's" Maid.

"Is this the extraordinary case in which the man's boots were cleaned by the landlady?" asked Mr. Justice Phillimore, at Lincoln Assizes, yesterday, looking at Charles Backstrom, who had pleaded guilty to burglary at Louth.

The answer was in the affirmative. Counsel explained that the prisoner entered the house of Mr. Wright Simons, where lodged a curate.

He helped himself to food and then made a tour of the house. He reached the curate's room, and hearing sounds, threw himself on the sofa under the curate's coat.

He had taken off his boots, which were by his side, and the servant-girl took them away and cleaned them and returned them under the impression that they belonged to the reverend gentleman. Backstrom put on his boots and then left.

There were other charges pending, one of theft of a Post Office bank-book, and of obtaining £16 by forgery, and another of burglary.

The company said they engaged a large staff of "fault-finders," but "the best of systems must break down at times."

This was done and a sentence of four years' penal servitude was passed.

"FAULT-FINDERS" AT FAULT.

For allowing a disused wire to hang loosely over Coleman-street to the danger of the public the National Telephone Company were fined £5 and 52 2s. costs at the Guildhall yesterday. The case was the first under the Act.

The company said they engaged a large staff of "fault-finders," but "the best of systems must break down at times."

OLDEST SOLICITOR'S DEATH.

Mr. William Rix Seago, who died yesterday at Lowestoft, aged ninety-two, was admitted a solicitor in 1835, and was believed to have been the oldest solicitor on the Rolls.

Fervent Letters to a Pretty Farmer's Daughter.

£350 DAMAGES.

How two brothers were engaged to two sisters, and how both engagements came to nothing was revealed in the Westminster Under-sheriff's Court yesterday, when the younger sister obtained £350 damages for breach of promise, after a long courtship, against the younger brother.

Mrs. Jessie Minton Minter was the fair plaintiff's name, and she is the pretty daughter of a gentleman farmer, of Goodstone Court, Faversham. She sued Dr. Morton Worrack Smart, practicing in Welbeck-street, and living in Regent's Park-terrace.

Though the couple met at Westgate in 1897, when the lady was seventeen and her lover but two years older, they were not engaged till 1902, when the defendant qualified as a medical man.

But there had been correspondence. Mr. Smart once wrote to Miss Minter's father as follows:—

My father says he has no objections to my writing to her, but, all the same, he does not think that Jessie and I can be serious.

The letters from the lover to the lady did not cease when, in 1900, he went to South Africa as a Volunteer. He went to see her the moment he returned.

But one day when he went to Princetown, Dartmoor, for his holidays, the brother wrote breaking off his engagement with the elder sister, and three days later the defendant wrote breaking off the engagement.

Miss Minter's Threat.

He had been worried by Miss Minter's threat to throw herself on the railway line, indeed, from that moment he had felt as if everything had died out of him. He wrote:—

There is an invisible barrier between us. . . . Everything seems dead, and I feel as if my whole life was done. Ever since last summer the week ends have always been unhappy.

To this Miss Minter replied wanting to know the meaning of it. Dr. Smart wrote back, asking for forgiveness, and explaining:—

What I have suffered so long no one will ever know. . . . I was on the moors all day yesterday absolutely alone fighting with myself. . . .

It would be cruel to marry you under false pretences. I only regret the long time I have partly wrecked of your life. . . . Oh, I would do anything to give you back the part of your life I have stolen and wasted. . . . This letter and the step I have taken have been the most awful step in my life. . . . Why have I been cursed with such a cold, peculiar, hateful nature?

Again, the doctor wrote saying he could not pretend to lead Miss Minter on to a marriage that would be unhappy for both. "I am not in love with anyone else," he added.

Counsel said Dr. Smart was an electric specialist, and had an appointment at the Children's Hospital, in Great Ormond-street.

Eventually, after counsel had stated that the defendant had offered compensation of £100 and £50 a year for three years, an offer that had been refused, the jury assessed the damages for the plaintiff as stated.

BURGLAR'S BAIRNS.

Why the Authorities Play Foster-Parent to "Jubilee Jones's" Children.

Some public sympathy has been aroused on behalf of "Jubilee Jones," the ex-convict, by the pathetic police court scene, when the quondam burglar pleaded vainly against the removal of his two youngest children from his guardianship.

Quondam shows that Jones is an affectionate father, and his eldest boy, who remains at home, a sharp, intelligent lad, will not hear a word against his father.

"The history of the home is a terribly sordid one," said the Southwark Police Court missionary to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "for the children and their father is under arrest are associated with the worst characters of both sexes."

A good school has been found for the little boy and girl, and they were taken away yesterday morning.

LESSON FROM THE STAGE.

A man took his wife to a Liverpool music-hall, where they witnessed a scene entitled, "When the harvest days are over," a picture of family happiness.

"Why don't you be like that?" said the man to his wife, who had given way to drink. The incident preyed on the woman's mind, and she poisoned herself.

In the loft at the back of a butcher's shop at Stratford, Harry Hardy, a boy of fifteen, hanged himself from a beam.

"Stupendous Carnival" Fell Flat for Want of Roaring.

There's an eloquent outpouring When the lion is roaring. And the tiger is alashing of his tail.

In your particular business or trade would it assist you to have a lion roaring in close proximity to you? Perhaps you are an author or a musician who would derive no assistance.

But opinions differ, as was shown in Mr. Justice Jelf's Court yesterday when a defendant complained that a plaintiff had broken his contract by not providing lions to roar.

The Drill Hall, Portsmouth, was the place where they didn't roar, not being there to do so. In the Drill Hall the defendant, Mr. G. Beach, had a roundabout, and he is declining to pay for the space it occupied at a "Stupendous Winter Carnival," because of the absence of lions—and other reasons, which he gave as follows:—

The public were disgusted with the other shows.

The ventriloquist not only could not make his figures work, but went out with an advertisement cart, and further detracted from his prestige as a ventriloquist by putting on uniform and "holloering" at the door of the hall. It was difficult to tell whether the cinematograph was a picture of a waterfall. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Justice Jelf at one point said that he failed to see how "bouncing lions" affected the law of contract.

The case was adjourned.

BOXES OF CHILDREN.

Unwelcome Gipsies Arrive from Brazil, "Where the Nuts Come From."

London had its "Macedonian" gipsies; Lancashire has been invaded by some from Brazil.

Their habits resemble those of the gentry who arrived at Tower Hill in December. There are thirty men and women, and children too numerous to count; the latter spend most of their time in bags and boxes.

Eccles the band found too hot for them, and having sold off their horses at rubbish prices they crowded into a Liverpool train and made the first stage of the journey back to New York, whence they came to Liverpool.

At Warrington, on their way towards Eccles, which is near Manchester, they gave a cab proprietor 16s. and proceeded to pitch a tent in his yard. He reflected, gave them their money back, and turned them out. Their leader wears a handsome bearskin coat.

LAMB FOR LUNATICS.

Interesting Point in Regard to Mutton from Mr. Seddon's Country.

Some time ago the L.C.C. gave a contract to Arthur Craddock, a butcher, of Weymouth-street, Portland-place, to supply New Zealand lamb to Colney Hatch and Banstead Asylums.

When the meat arrived it was found, it is alleged, to be Australian meat, with New Zealand labels attached to it.

Yesterday, at Marylebone, the L.C.C. and the New Zealand Agent-General summoned Craddock. For the butcher it was contended that the magistrate had no jurisdiction. The sale was not completed until the meat had been delivered at the asylum. Mr. Paul Taylor, however, thought otherwise.

A number of asylum officials were called. Any-one in the trade, it was said, could tell the difference between Australian and New Zealand meat.

The hearing was adjourned.

BIGAMY AT NINETEEN.

Jane Williamson, aged nineteen, was committed for trial, at Scarborough, yesterday, on a charge of having bigamously married a Royal Artillery gunner.

The first marriage took place in 1902, and the second in November last. The prisoner's baby was sent to the workhouse.

30 times more Nutritious than Milk.

PLASMON

Builds up the Tissues.

Infants digest it—British soldiers fight on it.

Of all Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, 9d.

THINNEST WATCHES IN THE WORLD

Reduced to LADIES' OR GENT'S 21/- POST FREE.

Five Years' Written Guarantee. SOLD ELSEWHERE AT £2 2s.

Accurate timekeepers, beautiful jewelled movements, handsome dark blue or black oxidised cases.

These watches are acknowledged by those in the trade to be astonishingly cheap at 21/- Also in Silver 35/-, Ladies' or Gent's, and in Real Gold, Ladies' £4 15s. Gent's £4 17s. 6d.

V. SAMUEL & Co., 26, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.

The Cheapest Shop for Watches and Clocks in the World.

"TOO LATE, TOO LATE."

Marvellous Scenes of Excitement
at a Revival Meeting.

"WINDOWS SMASHED."

Extraordinary scenes are reported in connection with the revival mission conducted by Mr. Evan Roberts in the Avon valley at Pennal.

When Mr. Roberts arrived at one night meeting he found the chapel unbearably hot.

"There should be more ventilation," he said. "The battle is fierce, and we must take care of our bodies."

Window-panes were immediately smashed, and Mr. Roberts commended the action.

"I would rather," he added, as the window-smashing proceeded, "pay the damage than the neglect of the service should be impeded." Then he wrathfully reprobated certain members of the congregation of levity, occasionally stopping the singing and the praying by peremptory commands.

The climax was reached when Mr. Roberts declared he had a terrible message to convey to the people.

Falling on his knees, he exclaimed, "There is a soul lost."

"Too late, too late!" he wailed in anguish. "Oh, forgive, Lord, forgive!" "O, dear people, it is too late, too late! A soul gone!"

The congregation joined in general lamentation. People fell prostrate and groaned out in sympathy.

"Too late, too late!" ejaculated the evangelist in tragic tones, and finally explained that he was being prohibited from praying for a soul that was lost.

During the meeting the following new revival hymn was sung:—

For the up-line to glory is clear.
For the up-line to glory is clear.
I am in the express for the Kingdom,
And bound to land safely up there.
The windows are labelled "No smoking,"
No drinking allowed in this train.

CITY MEN SCEPTICAL.

"Do London business men doubt the Bible?" asked the *Daily Mirror* yesterday of Dr. Torrey, having regard to the addresses he is delivering at Cannon-street Hotel.

"I believe many do," said the evangelist.

"I am laying a firm foundation for thinking men to stand upon at the beginning of the Christian life. Experience has shown that these addresses have done more good in other cities than my sermons of the purely evangelical character."

Dr. Torrey instanced the effect of similar meetings in the city of Edinburgh. Judges, he said, and University professors had personally thanked him for the light he had shed upon their minds.

DR. TORREY'S YOUTH OF PERIL.

Dr. Torrey, relating the days of his youth, in *M.A.P.*, says it was a wonder he ever lived to manhood.

He was cut and stabbed, kicked and bitten by horses, and had three narrow escapes of being run over by railway trains.

SCHOOLBOY CONVERTS.

The *Daily Mirror* learns that the revival continues to have a remarkable effect on the school-children in Wales.

One master writes that the boys have refused to play football, but the girls, he adds, with a naive touch of irony, are still enthusiastic over hockey.

Services by children between the ages of six and fourteen are quite a feature in South Carmarvonshire.

5,000 MORE ALIENS.**Continental Disturbances Reflected in the Immigrant Returns.**

In January of 1904, 7,241 aliens landed on our shore. In January, 1905, the number was 12,551.

The most alarming increases have occurred at London and Hull. The figures are:—

	Jan. 1904.	Jan. 1905.
London	2,163	4,075
Hull	1,377	4,215

The returns from the other ports are:—

	Jan. 1904.	Jan. 1905.
Grimby	1,180	1,658
Newhaven	781	766
Tyne ports	540	514
Leith	107	151
Harwich	273	426
Other ports	818	746

The greatest increases are those from Finnish ports. These have risen with a remarkable bound from 249 in January, 1904, to 2,455 in January, 1905.

Regarding Hamburg, Bremen, and Bremerhaven, the January figures are:—1904, 1,673; 1905, 2,973.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Newly-appointed Secretary of State for Scotland, the Marquis of Linlithgow was yesterday sworn in as Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, at Edinburgh.

Two large adders have just been killed on Amroth Cliffs, in Wales.

For the loss of his right hand through unfenced machinery a Gloucester boy has been awarded £500.

South Cheshire hounds held up a Bristol express on the Crewe and Whitechurch Railway. The driver just managed to put the breaks on in time to avoid dashing into the pack.

Lord Ashton's gift of an ornamental structure to the park at Lancaster is to cost about £30,000. Plans of the building were approved by the Lancaster Council yesterday.

The proposed institute of opticians seeks to promote the education and certification of members of that profession. Application has been made to the Board of Trade for a licence for the organisation.

Our Lady's Well, of Haltemprice Priory, East Yorkshire, has run dry. This is the first time within the memory of close observers that this famous spring has failed to supply a considerable volume of water.

In broad daylight a fashionably-dressed woman, who is said to have run away from her husband with another man, abducted her own child at Stockport. The custodian of the child was told at the police-court that the magistrates could do nothing unless there was a divorce.

Moles have so overrun the cricket pitch at Hurst-pierpoint, in Sussex, that there may be no play this year. A mole-catcher's services have been requisitioned.

Weighing 12½lb., an otter has been caught in the well-known trout streams near Wansford, East Yorkshire.

Two Frenchmen made a strange meal at Bristol. They stole a pound of butter from a dairyman's cart and ate some of it with a dog-biscuit.

City urchins, no less than wealthy people, have their hobbies. Their latest is to collect the enamelled letters stuck on the outside of shop windows.

Only once absent from school in seven years, and that through sickness, a boy named Sydenham has been presented with a silver watch by the Barry education authority.

Public prejudice against lady doctors is apparently not yet broken down. "Are your examinations really as difficult as those which men have to pass?" is a question often put to them, says a lady M.B.

Racehorses swimming in the River Trent was the unusual spectacle witnessed at Gotham. The animals, Monkilver and St. Enoch, jumped in during training operations, and swam about for nearly an hour before they were got to land.

A banknote for £10 dropped out of an anonymous letter received by the Bolton Tramways Committee. The writer stated that £10 represented the sum he had appropriated whilst acting as a conductor on the tramways.

WINNERS OF YESTERDAY'S REPLAYED CUP-TIE.

The Newcastle United football team. Yesterday they played Tottenham Hotspur, at Newcastle, in the replayed match for the Association Cup. Reading from left to right they are:—(Back row), J. McClarence, A. McCombie, J. Lawrence, J. Carr, and R. Crumby. (Middle row), J. Rutherford, J. Howie, W. Appleyard, R. Orr, A. Gosnell, and W. McCracken. (Front row), C. M. Veitch, A. Gardner, A. Aitken, L. P. McWilliam. The Newcastle team won by four goals to nil.

Killed by cold was a cyclist named Petrie who fell off his machine whilst riding to Fasque Home Farm, Kincardineshire.

A little three-year-old boy who fell into a tank at Ramshoton was washed through a ten-inch pipe to a well before he could be got out.

Two fine porpoises have made their appearance in the River Ouse, at Selby. This is judged to be a good augury for the salmon-fishery enterprise.

Hidden treasure has been found at Birkdale in the shape of a silver cup, an electro-plated bowl, and one or two other articles of silver. Some boys made the discovery whilst playing.

A regular line of P. and O. steamers is shortly to sail from Grimsby. The vessels are to be of small tonnage as a beginning. Messrs. Wilson are also starting a weekly service of steamers from Grimsby to Christiania.

Leeds enjoys the distinction of possessing the first telegraph section for field work in connection with any regiment of Volunteers out of London. This body forms a new department of the Leeds Engineers, and its equipment is as complete as that of the regulars.

American enterprise rescued Manchester Corporation from an awkward plight when they took over the city tramways. Steel junctions all ready made and in one piece were required, and there was no firm in England at that time that could undertake the work. A cool young Yankee came along and said, "My firm can supply those junctions." He left with £100,000 worth of orders.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal

Photographs In To-day's

"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.**BURGLARS ROUTED BY A WOMAN.**

A plucky woman armed with a poker and animated by righteous indignation is a phenomenon which not even the boldest of burglars could be expected to face with equanimity, and the house-breakers who fled from Mrs. Gallaher—whose portrait is to be found on page 8—need not be accused of any exceptional cowardice.

Mrs. Gallaher and her husband are caretakers at a Kensington restaurant, and when they heard a noise in the dining-room during the small hours of the morning they went below to investigate. Mrs. Gallaher was the first to come upon three men, who were engaged in boring a hole through the wall in order to reach the jeweller's shop next door.

Mrs. Gallaher advanced to the attack at once, and the enemy broke up and fled, smashing a thick plate-glass window in their endeavour to make a speedy exit. Two escaped without feeling the weight of the caretaker's whirling poker, but the third received a blow on the head that will remind him for some time of an unusual experience before he, too, got away.

600 TONS AN HOUR.

A photograph of the "new floating coal depot, No. 1," which has just been placed at Portsmouth by the Admiralty, appears on page 8. It can discharge bagged coal at the rate of 600 tons an hour, which is more than two warships, one moored on either side of the depot, could take in.

Apart from its merits as a means of coaling a vessel with the minimum of speed, the floating depot has the further advantage of not using any valuable quay space.

Within its capacious hold 12,000 tons of Welsh steam coal can be stored, and 10,000 bags can be kept filled in readiness for immediate delivery.

AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM.

On page 9 we give a complete set of portraits of the men selected for the Australian team which will visit England for the coming cricket season.

Though there is a considerable difference of opinion in Australia as to the inclusion of certain individual members of the team, as is indeed only natural, there is a general impression "down under" that the team is sufficiently strong to give a good account of itself against any combination that England can put in the field.

There is no question that the team will be very strong with the bat if all the men are in form, but it is not unlikely to find itself less "well found" in the bowling department. The absence of Trumble, or of anybody to take his place is likely to cause the Australians a considerable amount of embarrassment before the tour is over.

CONCERNING THE MEN.

New South Wales provides eight out of the fifteen men in the team, South Australia and Victoria contributing four and three respectively.

Perhaps the name that will give most pleasure to all good cricketers on reading the list is that of J. Darling. It was understood that Darling had no intention of joining the combination, and only consented to do so at the special request of the first selector. He is such a sterling cricketer that we shall be anxious to bring him over here as the Australians no doubt are to him. He is the picture of solid determination and indomitable grit in the field, and an invaluable backbone for a team when things are going un- happily.

The inclusion of Cotter, the fast bowler, has given rise to a certain amount of criticism, but it may be taken for granted that the selection committee knew what they were doing. That he is considerably unequal in his performances with the ball is undeniable, but he is very dangerous when at his best, and has the additional advantage of being a useful batsman.

McLeod is a sound all-round man, and only the fact that he has been ill caused his recent rather poor play. By the time he arrives over here he is likely to be, as everyone will hope, as fit and useful as ever.

W. Howell and M. A. Noble are both the victims of a "leg," and it is always possible that one of them may be seriously handicapped in consequence. But, of course, it would have been absurd to leave out two such warriors solely because they might be troubled in this way.

** Many thousands of Britons abroad who now regularly receive the Overseas "Daily Mail" are delighted with this weekly budget of news from home.

A postal order for 5s. will ensure the dispatch of the journal for 52 weeks to any postal address in the world.

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1905.

"PEACE ON THE HORIZON."

PEACE may be, as many people are saying, on the horizon, but the horizon, it must be remembered, is a long way off. Consequently, we are inclined to think peace is a good long way off, too.

Russia could have peace to-morrow if she thought it wise and necessary to agree to Japan's terms. But as these terms include not only the extinction of Russia as a Far Eastern Power, but also the payment of a very large war indemnity, it is not very likely that she will accept them just yet.

Nothing but very strong internal pressure would convince the Tsar's Government now that the time had come for confessing itself beaten. It still hopes that the next battle on the Shamo may turn the tide of Japanese successes. And that battle cannot be fought for another six weeks.

At present the armies are facing one another on frozen ground. They could fight, certainly, but how could either side gain any permanent advantage if the digging of trenches to make their position secure is out of the question? Not until the first or second week of April will the Manchurian sun shine with sufficient power to make campaigning profitable. Not until then is there likely to be a general engagement.

Much as we should like to think that peace is near at hand (for this reason, among others, that business conditions would immediately improve and trade begin to "boom" again), we do not feel sanguine about it. A great nation cannot be persuaded to give in until all hope of retrieving its fallen fortunes has vanished. We in England may consider that that moment has already arrived, but Russia does not share our view, nor is it natural to expect that she should.

THE GREAT POCKET PROBLEM.

A New York paper wonders why women do not have sensible pockets. O, sacred simplicity! Has this amiable paper ever known a woman? Has it ever studied the laws which govern woman's dress? Has it ever discussed the question of pockets with a woman? "Never" must be the answer to all three questions alike.

It is sometimes said that man's dress is illogically inconvenient and absurd. So in many ways it is. Tall hats are monstrous (though no one has ever suggested what substitute could be worn with a frock-coat). Tail-coats are a silly survival. Starched shirts are point-^{less} except with evening dress.

None of these absurdities, however, go beyond being uncomfortable or unsightly. They do not lead to loss, or offer opportunities for robbery. If they did, they would very soon be relegated to museums. The refusal of dressmakers to allow women one sensible, safe pocket directly causes many of them to bewail purses, card-cases, all kinds of small objects, either stolen or mislaid.

Some day, says our New York friend, a great reformer will arise and win the battle for pockets. It will only be won by a direct frontal attack upon the dressmakers, who decide what women are to wear.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Those who have little are not the poor. The really poor are those who want more than they have.—*Pliny*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD MEATH, whom the King has just appointed to the Earl of Kenmare's place in the Knighthood of the Order of St. Patrick, thoroughly deserves this and the other honours he has received from time to time, for he is a most philanthropic and charitable person. He and Lady Meath have founded homes, endowed institutions, and given away countless sums of money to make poor, sick, and unhappy people a little less unhappy. Lord Meath is a large landowner in Ireland, and he owns, in particular, the piece of seaside land that runs round Bray Head, so well known to all who have visited Dublin.

From time to time, and for a few days only, Lord Meath closes this piece of land round the Head, in order to prevent a right of way being established permanently by the public. An American tourist, who wished, not long ago, to walk round on one of these closed days, found the gate closed, and was told that the walk was private. The American stood for a moment and gazed at the gatekeeper. Then he said, "Say, is there any particular day for closing the sea round here,

choir." Accordingly, the next Sunday the choir appeared in a terribly forlorn condition—in tattered surplices, in worn clothes. There was no singing or chants; the service was funeral. That evening the churchwarden could hardly carry the coins which the repentant flock contributed.

Did the Rev. Forbes Phillips, whose play, "For Church or Stage?" Mrs. Brown-Potter produced not long ago, take to playwriting because of the example of his brother, Mr. Stephen Phillips? Nobody knows; but I do not fancy, somehow, that the author of "Paolo and Francesca" has had much influence upon his independent brother. Besides, Mr. Stephen Phillips has received a good deal of chaff, as well as praise, over his poetical dramas. I remember the unkind imaginary interview which Mr. Punch had with him after "Ulysses" had been produced. "What is your next play to be?" said the interviewer. And the poet, "in his deep, resonant, 22-h.p. voice," replied "Molasses; or the New Beerbohm Treacle."

Mr. Joseph Pennell, who has done so much to bring about the Whistler Exhibition, which all

A FAMOUS WHISTLER CARICATURE.



This is how Mr. Whistler appeared to "Vanity Fair's" caricaturist when he was at the height of his reputation as a sayer of smart and spiteful things. His genius as a painter was not recognised until much later. The seal is set upon his artistic fame by the exhibition of his works opened yesterday at the New Gallery.

'cause I want to bathe without trespassing to-morrow?'"

I am sorry to hear that the vicar of Gorleston, the Rev. Forbes Phillips, who is almost as well known now as the Vicar of Wakefield, is seriously ill, for certainly the proverbial gaiety of nations owes a great deal of stimulus to him. The vicar is always dramatic (except when he writes plays), and is always doing or saying entertaining things. Not long ago he set an example to all clergymen of the true method of collecting alms. His choir needed surplices, and, accordingly, one Sunday morning, he announced the fact to his congregation, and asked them to "give cheerfully." But the only result of his exhortation was the pitiable sum of thirty-two and sixpence.

The vicar, however, is not a man to be trifled with. At evensong on that same Sunday he made a biting little speech. "I think there was a misunderstanding about the collection this morning," he said. "I did not ask you to give me a surplice, but the whole choir. Thirty-two and six will not do that. Since you are too poor to provide what we want, we shall have to do without luxuries in the

London will soon be talking about, once, like his famous friend and master, got into a libel case against an unkind critic, who had said that his lithographs were not lithographs at all. Mr. Whistler appeared in the box on that occasion, and snubbed the offending critic most effectively. Mr. Pennell gained a compensation of £50. When he entered the witness-box he refused to swear, but merely "affirmed." "Why will you not swear?" said the registrar. "Because I am a member of the Society of Friends."

Mr. Pennell married the witty and original woman who wrote "The Diary of a Greedy Woman" and "Feasts of Antiochus"—stimulating and fantastic cookery books, which have given innumerable people appetites for their dinner, although I am told that no housewife takes them seriously. Mrs. Pennell can also write a magazine article on any conceivable subject at a moment's notice. She is a pleasant-looking woman, with the humorist's sparkle in her eyes. She and her husband live in a delightful flat overlooking the Thames, when they are not touring on their bicycles or automobiles. They once crossed the Alps on bicycles and had some very exciting moments.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

James McNeill Whistler.

TO him, as to most artists, his "hour" has come after his death, when he can no longer stand, as he would have done, and accept its homage graciously, as a tribute due to his labours and his genius.

At the New Gallery yesterday, in and out of the enthusiastic crowd gathered on the first day of the great Whistler Exhibition, his shade was certainly moving to take a last review of the ghostlike streets and landscapes, and the grave and soberly painted men and women, something of whose souls he mingled with his own as he painted them on to the canvas.

Carlyle's soul first. Whistler saw him as a man who had suffered, and laboured long, and had been left a little crestfallen by the blows of life. His Carlyle is a miracle of quiet line and colour, a miraculous divination of character, a revelation.

More of the painter himself, perhaps, is in the figure of his mother. Posed a little like Carlyle, head averted, hands folded neatly, very grave, she looks as proud and reserved as her son.

These two pictures, one lent by Glasgow, and the other by the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris, are, beyond doubt, among the great pictures of the world. They, alone, would make the New Gallery a place of pilgrimage for all who love beauty, expressed in terms of marvellous painting.

One finds much of Whistler, too, in the genre pictures: in the "Symphony in White," for instance, and in the quiet rooms, where people are delightfully at ease and languid, and where, I am sure, nobody talks too loudly, or moves too suddenly.

But I think the shadow of Whistler must be pleased best with the "townscapes," and lithographs, and marvellous etchings which would remind him of the London he adored.

THE PAINTER OF CHELSEA.

He lived his happiest years in Chelsea, strolling about for inspiration amongst wharves and dockyards, along the old embankment, over and under the bridges, whose spidery lines and reflections in the lamplighted water gave him his truest inspiration.

Looking at them one thinks of him as he was in the real Chelsea.

A little man, with nothing of the artist in his face or figure, he suggested a French exile, someone perhaps who was plotting in England to bring back a fallen dynasty, and felt contemptuous of the people he met in our cold country.

His grey beard, dotted aristocratically, was like a Frenchman's. His black kid gloves, his eyeglass, his immaculate overcoat—these betokened anything but the Bohemian.

When he consented to "receive" in his Tite-street studio, he looked extraordinarily tired and fragile. He would recline on the sofa and make arabesques in the air with his cigarette, while he talked of Art, with the biggest of possible A's, and his own struggles for perfection.

Then he would suddenly break off into violent denunciation of something or somebody. Epigrams, crisp, pointed, perfect in form, virulent in feeling, would pour from his lips.

And then another change would come as unexpectedly as the first, and he would be once more either the dreamy idealist or a quietly cynical man of the world, or a kindly, tired creature only anxious to be left alone on his sofa to recover from the buffets of hard-fought Fate.

He was even then quite unappreciated; and, unappreciated still, he was buried in the Old Chelsea church which he had often honoured by drawing in.

Now, with his life's work unfolded as a panorama in the New Gallery, he is a recognised genius. The "Butterfly's" hour has come.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 22.—Winter is dying hard, though signs of spring are all around us in the garden. It is a curious fact that the spring-coming plants and bulbs, which were growing quickly during the recent mild weather, are still pushing up, though perhaps more slowly.

Yesterday I picked a charming nosegay, breathing all the scents of spring—snowdrops, primroses, violets, polyanthus, cowslips, etc.

The new green of the bluebells is very noticeable now. These are lovely bulbs, doing well in town gardens. They thrive almost anywhere. The large-flowered "bluebell" (*scilla hispanica*) can be had in several colours; it also, is beautiful and easy to grow.

E. F. T.

A STORY OF THE KAISER.

What a characteristic little story that which a French paper tells about the German Emperor and his comment on the rumours that he had urged the Tsar to fight Japan. A high military official is said to have shared about a report made to the Emperor on these rumours. In the margin appeared these words in the Kaiser's own hand: "This is a lie. God keep me from ever meddling with the internal affairs of foreign countries."

SEEN BY OUR CAMERA MAN



YESTERDAY'S BIG FIRE IN LONG ACRE.



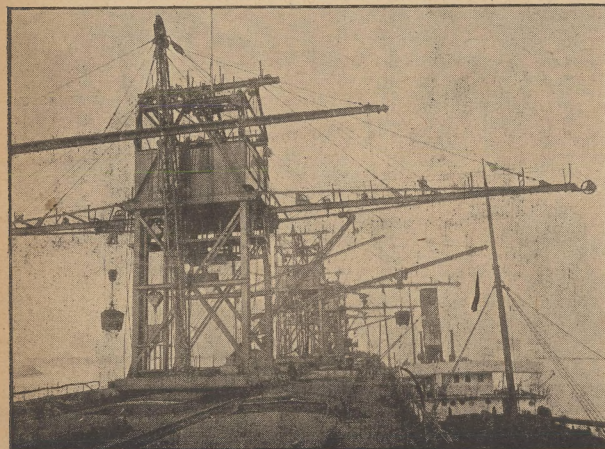
Firemen playing on burning motor warehouses in Long Acre, which were completely destroyed by fire yesterday. Two firemen were so badly injured that they had to be removed from the scene of operations.—(Daily Mirror copyright.)

POLITICAL POSTERS AT YESTERDAY'S ELECTION.



The above is a huge van covered with political posters, which was sent round the streets of Everton yesterday by the supporters of Mr. Hanbury Aggs, the Liberal candidate, for electioneering purposes.—(Eastham.)

COALING WARSHIPS AT 600 TONS AN HOUR.



The new No. 1 Coal Depot, the largest floating coal stores in the world, which has just arrived at Portsmouth. It is claimed that she can discharge coal at the rate of 600 tons an hour to vessels on either side. Her capacity is 12,000 tons.—(Cribb.)

BURGLARS ROUTED BY A WOMAN.



Mrs. Gallaher, of Claro-place, Kensington, whose pluck saved a jeweller's shop from robbery. She is holding the poker with which she attacked three burglars who had entered her house to raid the shop next door. One she felled to the ground, but the other two sought safety in flight.—(Daily Mirror copyright.)

WOMAN HERMIT OF STRATFORD.



Miss Richardson, the woman-tailor, who for the past three months has been living in a tumble-down wooden shed close to High-street, Stratford, to avoid having to enter the workhouse.—(Daily Mirror copyright.)



6



11



The above
(N.S.W.)

THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM FOR ENGLAND



the members of the cricket team which has been selected to represent Australia in the Test matches this season. They are:—1, M. A. Noble (N.S.W.); 2, J. Darling (S.A.); 3, V. Trumper Hill (S.A.); 4, W. W. Armstrong (Victoria); 5, J. J. Kelly (N.S.W.); 6, F. Laver (N.S.W.); 7, R. A. Duff (N.S.W.); 8, S. E. Gregory (N.S.W.); 9, D. R. Gehrs (S.A.); 10, P. Newland (S.A.); 11, A. J. Hopkins (N.S.W.); 12, A. Cotter (N.S.W.); 13, C. E. McLeod (Victoria); 14, W. P. Howell (N.S.W.); 15, F. Laver (manager).

A Russian Appeals to Her Free Sisters for Sympathy.

SEIZED IN THE NIGHT.

Mother and Daughter Awakened by the Police, Searched, Arrested, and Thrown Into Prison.

Through our St. Petersburg correspondent we have received this very striking letter to the women of England, written by a well-known Russian novelist, Mme. Pimenoff, who was among those arrested after the terrible events of Vladimir's Day. Whatever may be felt about Mme. Pimenoff's political views, no one will fail to sympathise with her protest against the arbitrary methods of the Russian police.

I should like to tell you, free women of a free country, how difficult it is for us Russian women to live.

In other countries women strive for civil and political rights. They seek to free themselves from the yoke of man, and to place themselves side by side with him. There, in those countries, all the men have political freedom.

In our country men are slaves as we are. And for that reason we Russian women struggle, not for rights as women, not for our own freedom, but for human rights—for personal freedom.

We Russians have not elementary freedom, and Russian women suffer in the same measure as men for their convictions—for their wish to see their country free and happy.

There has never been in Russia a political action in which women have not taken a part. In the Liberal movement of Russia women have always played a great part. In prisons, in penal servitude, in Siberia, in exile—everywhere you will meet women who are ready to give their life and to suffer for the highest ideals of humanity.

NO LITERARY MEN SAFE.

The greatest contingent of these women are taken from our educated middle class. They are chiefly women employed in liberal professions, doctors, teachers, and most of all those who belong to literary circles. In Russia, with very few exceptions, almost all members of the literary and journalistic professions are Liberals, abhorred by Government and always persecuted and oppressed by it. They are imprisoned on the slightest pretext and continually suspected of plotting against the Government.

Not a single literary man, on going to bed at night, can be sure that the police will not enter his room during the night, awaken him, turn the whole house upside down, and finally carry him off to prison, leaving his family in the greatest anxiety and ignorance as to his fate.

Women are not exceptions to his fate—they are on an equality with men. As an illustration I will tell you what happened in my case—one of the hundreds that occur every day.

Five days after that terrible bloody Sunday of January 22, at five in the morning, the police came

to my apartment. As always, they came, not in the name of the law, as in other lands, but, not in the name of a convenient pretext.

The unsuspecting maid opened the door, and twelve men marched into the apartment, came immediately into my bedroom—where I was with my young daughter—woke us up, and stationed in my room two women of the police, in whose presence we had to dress.

The colonel of gendarmes gave order to search our pockets, and began to look through everything in my room. He opened my writing-table, read my private letters, examined my photographs, shook open my books, and fumbled about in my wardrobe. My young daughter and myself were forced to look silently and inactively at this humiliating operation, when the agents of the secret police soiled with the touch of their dirty hands all the things that we held dear.

We were powerless. We were at the mercy of these people, in whose hands we were criminals, merely because we did not wish to be slaves, because we wished to see our country free and happy.

Then, after five hours of this humiliating searching process, we were arrested and taken away.

Such incidents are repeated almost daily, whenever public life becomes at all agitated. We constantly miss someone of our acquaintances and friends, and over the head of the Russian educated class hangs constantly the sword of Damocles.

The educated class has long been working for the emancipation of the country, but hampered as it is by terrible obstacles, the work advances very slowly. Now, side by side with this movement of the educated class has risen a new Labour movement. The great mass of our peasant population remains, as before, inert and profoundly ignorant, but the workers, coming in contact with the workers of western lands, are borrowing from them not only new methods of production, but also, little by little, the ideas of the West are penetrating into the mind of the workers.

E. PIMENOFF.

GIRL VIOLINIST'S DEBUT.



Miss Ivy Angove, the talented pupil of Wilhelmj, Hans Wessely, and Seivik (Kubelick's master), who is making her debut at the Queen's Hall to-night.—(Connell.)

out her arms to the cold, pure, night air, and the silvery moon bathed her in its radiance, and she looked as if she were fashioned of ivory, and her hair was like spun bronze, and her great eyes were dark with the mystery of the night and of love.

The man stood behind her and put his arms round her shoulders to keep the cold from her bare neck, and he leaned down and whispered into her ear:

"I have found you, my darling. Is that why the world is so beautiful to-night?"

She sighed again out of the immeasurable fullness of her joy, and he wanted no answer in words.

"How foolish we were, Blue Eyes," he went on, "to think that we could live without each other. You have been in my thoughts every moment of all this weary time. How often did you think of me?"

"All the time," she answered in a whisper. "Even when I didn't know I was."

"But you know it now?"

She nodded, with her enchanting smile.

"Why do you know it now, my Blue Eyes?"

"Because," she said simply, "I did not know that anything could feel so wonderful, or so beautiful, or so good as I felt when I saw you just now."

I was so glad that I would have liked to die." His arms tightened round her; a sob rose in his throat. It was incredible that one could be so happy. He had forgotten everything, his hostess and the other guests, and the time and the place. He only knew that he held the one woman in his arms, and that the night wind stung their faces and the moon blessed them, and they were both gazing deep into the very heart of the greatest wonder in the world.

"Blue Eyes," he murmured, "tell me that you love me."

He turned her face to his and looked into her eyes.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE CITY.

Dr. Torrey, it seems, has hopes of converting City men. I should be glad to know how he can reconcile Christianity with modern finance? The two things, it appears to me, are at opposite poles. Christ said "Love thy neighbour as thyself." Finance says: "Get rich quick, never mind how."

A banker spoke very nicely about the Gospel at the meeting, but does he adopt Gospel methods in banking? Of course, not. STOCK EXCHANGE. LOTHBURY, E.C.

Dr. Torrey's converts are said to be feeble-minded, mesmerised folk, but when I see hard-headed City men, soldiers, doctors, lawyers, scoffers, sceptics, and the like, coming forward I am strongly inclined to doubt the statement, especially as statistics show that 90 per cent. stand fast in the faith.

God grant that such scenes may long be granted to this great, wealthy, and yet wicked City. Uxbridge-road, W. HERBERT E. HICKS.

"KING OF NORWAY AND SWEDEN."

I saw you gave a picture recently of "Oscar II., King of Sweden." This is misleading. He is "King of Norway and Sweden." The two countries are free and independent of one another. Their only connection is that the same King rules over each.

They have separate Parliaments, armies, navies, coinage, everything except the monarch. Sweden has always tried to claim more than her share of him, but that is quite contrary to the terms of union. EUGENE HANSEN.

Flekkelford, Norway. GOVERNMENT OFFICER OF HEALTH.

FISCAL POLICY.

In these days of advancing prices I would advise everyone to adopt my plan, which is simple and profitable. When the price of any article is advanced I either drop that article altogether or find a cheaper market.

Some time ago a certain brand of Burgundy was raised from 2s. to 2s. 2d. per flagon. I have never bought it since. When tea advanced last year I ceased to pay 1s. 8d. per lb., and now pay 1s. 4d.

Still I get just as good tea and just as good Burgundy. HENRY J. BAKER.

Horsely. FISH-FED FIGHTING ARMY.

Together with rice and other foods, a considerable portion of the Japanese soldier's diet consists of compressed fish-meal, which is made by removing the bones from the fish, squeezing and shaping the mass prior to cooking and smoking. The meal thus becomes hard, dry, and imperishable. Insects will not attack it. This fish-meal can be eaten with rice or shaved into thin slices for soup.

I am informed that fish is excluded from the dietary of our Army and Navy. J. LAWRENCE-HAMILTON, M.R.C.S. 30, Sussex-square, Brighton.

"LIVING ON VEGETABLES."

What does "Green Old Age" mean by this phrase? Does he mean greens and potatoes, or a diet properly selected from the vegetable kingdom, including fruits, nuts, and cereals?

Dr. C. J. Harris, of Kilburn, in his eighty-second year, tricycled from London to Edinburgh and back (845 miles) in twenty days. He is an abstainer from flesh meat, like yours truly, Harlesden. A HUMANE DIETIST.

"I love you," she whispered, with trembling lips. And, as she spoke the words, the overmastering magnetism of the man swept away everything from her mind. She saw the fine, dark face bent above hers, and the passion in the splendid eyes shook her like a reed. She felt the man's personality taking possession of her whole being; she knew his strength, and the awakened woman in her bowed down and worshipped it. And then, suddenly, it seemed too much for her to bear, the pain and the rapture of it. All the colour that had crept into her face under the bracing breath of the night air faded again. She tried to tear her eyes from his compelling gaze.

"Say it twice, Blue Eyes," he whispered. It was an entreaty and a command.

"I love you." Her voice trembled, and grew inarticulate. "Oh, how I love you!"

Then she gave one great, hysterical sob, and buried her face on his shoulder.

With every endearing name he caressed her; he said all the fond and loving things that come unbidden to the lips of a man who loves a woman; the things that every woman could spend her life in listening to.

When she raised her face again, the thing was done. She had given herself to him to be his slave. There was kindled in her eyes the light of adoration that she showed from the eyes of other women upon his face. He was a man whom no woman could love half-heartedly. But this time the spark had been kindled by him, and not independently of him; and again he gathered her into his arms, with a low cry, fierce and triumphant, for he saw in those eyes, with their glorious, slamed light of surrender, that now she was wholly his. Then he raised her to his feet, and smoothed her roughened hair.

"Now, we must go back to the others, Blue Eyes," he said, forcing his voice into its ordinary careless tones. "You mustn't let anybody see that

(Continued on page 11.)

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A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER XLII.

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears Today of past regrets and future fears.

—Omar Khayyam.

Joan did not struggle to release herself. The man felt her slight body quiver from head to foot, as if some mighty force had shaken her innermost being, and then she lay quiet as still in his clasp, so still that she might have been dead, so light that she might truly have been the fairy being that he tenderly called her, fashioned of moonbeams and of wonders and of dreams.

And, as he kissed her, it seemed to the man that his very life went out of him and mingled with hers, and he knew that he had not deceived himself, and that he must have found his way back to her somehow, and then now there was no power on earth or in heaven or in hell that could keep them apart one from the other.

He drew her into the deep recess in front of the window, and she sank on to the velvet-cushioned seat and sighed out some of the rapture that so suddenly, so miraculously filled her heart. "Open the window," she whispered joyously. "I want to feel the beautiful fresh air. I want to look right up into the face of the moon. It is so beautiful, so wonderful to-night!"

"You will catch cold, Blue Eyes," Tony said warningly.

"No—no, I never catch cold. Oh, please, please do!"

So he opened the great window, which swung outwards, and she knelt on the seat and stretched

DE PROFUNDIS. By Oscar Wilde.

Metaph. (Published To-day.)

OF all the pitiful, mysterious tragedies of our time none was more miserable or harder to understand than that of Oscar Wilde.

"The Gods," as he said himself, "had given him almost everything." He had a marvellous gift of speech. His conversation was brilliant and stimulating beyond that of any man of his age. He placed himself in the very front of the movement towards beauty in every-day life, which has borne so rich a burden of prison already. His poetry and his prose were alike accepted and valued as the work of a remarkable mind.

Yet, for some unaccountable reason, he flung down the whole fair fabric of his life to end his days in poverty and suffering, an outcast and a pitiable ruin.

Many have naturally wondered what effect prison life would have upon such a nature as his. Did it make him hard and bitter? Did he come out with rage in his heart? Or did the long, silent hours break down the walls of pride and egotism, and show him how wretchedly he had failed to fulfil the honourable promise of his early years?

In this wonderful book we find the answer to these questions. It is a kind of journal written during the latter part of his two years' imprisonment. It was written in the form of a letter to one of the few friends who stood by him in his disgrace. "Of the many, many things for which I have to thank the governor," he wrote, "there is none for which I am more grateful than for his permission to write fully to you and at as great a length as I desire."

CIRCLING ROUND A CENTRE OF PAIN.

It was the only work he wrote in prison, and the last work in prose he ever wrote; and in it he shows, in a marvellously vivid and interesting way, the change in his nature which imprisonment brought out.

At first its only effect was to fill him with despair.

While I was in Wandsworth Prison I longed to die. It was my one desire. When, after two months in the infirmary, I was transferred here (Reading), and found myself growing gradually better in physical health, I was filled with rage. I determined to commit suicide on the very day on which I left prison. After a time that evil mood passed away, and I made up my mind to live, but to wear gloom as a king wears purple: never to smile again.

No one has ever described the appalling monotony of prison life more poignantly:—

With us time itself does not progress. It revolves. It seems to circle round one centre of pain. The paralyzing immobility of a life, every circumstance of which is regulated after an unchangeable rule, so that we eat and drink, and lie down and pray, or kneel at least for prayer, according to the inflexible laws of an iron formula; this immobile quality, that makes each dreadful day, in the very minutest detail, like its brother, seems to communicate to those external forms the very essence of whose existence is ceaseless change.

Of seed time or harvest, of the reapers bending over the corn, or the grape-gatherers threading through the vines, of the grass in the orchard made white with broken blossom, or

How He Repented of His Wasted Life, and Found Comfort in Humility.

strewn with fallen fruit, of these we know nothing, and can know nothing.

For us there is only one season, the season of sorrow. The very sun and moon seem taken from us. Outside the day may be blue and gold, but the light that creeps down through the thickly-muffled glass of the small, iron-barred window, beneath which one sits, is grey and niggard. It is always twilight in one's cell, as it is always twilight in one's heart.

Then the unhappy man heard of the death of his mother. His nature broke down beneath the blow.

No-one knew how deeply I loved and honoured her. Her death was terrible to me; but I, once a lord of language, have no words in which to express my anguish and my shame. She and my father had bequeathed me a name they had made noble and honoured. I had disgraced that name eternally. I had made it a low by-word among low people. I had dragged it through the very mire.

Very pitiful and pathetic, too, is the passage in which he tells of his anguish and agonies of mind when he heard that the Division Court had given the care of his children into other hands.

I bore up against everything with some stubbornness of will and much rebellion of nature till I had absolutely nothing left in the world but one thing—I had lost my name, my position, my happiness, my freedom, my wealth. I was a prisoner and a pauper. But I still had my children left.

Suddenly they were taken away from me by the law. It was a blow so appalling that I did not know what to do, so I flung myself on my knees, and bowed my head, and wept, and said, "The body of a child is as the body of the Lord; I am not worthy of either." That moment seemed to save me. I saw then that the only thing for me was to accept everything. Since then—curious as it will no doubt sound—I have been happier. It was, of course, my soul in its ultimate essence that I had reached.

A TRAGIC CONFESSION.

From this moment his mood of bitterness began to soften. He began to realise what a terrible thing the failure of his life had been, and to see that he must build it up again upon a new foundation. That foundation was, strange as it seems in the case of such a man as Oscar Wilde, humility.

I must say to myself that I ruined myself, and that nobody, great or small, can be ruined except by his own hand.

The gods had given me almost everything. But I let myself be lured into long spells of selfishness, and so I ruined myself. I amused myself with being a *fancier*, a dandy, a man of fashion. I surrounded myself with the smaller natures and the meaner minds. . . .

Tired of being on the heights, I deliberately went to the depths in the search for new sensations. . . . I grew careless of the lives of others. I took pleasure where it came, and passed on. . . . I allowed pleasure to dominate me. I ended in horrible disgrace. There is only one thing for me now, absolute humility. . . . And the first thing that I have

got to do is to free myself from any possible bitterness of feeling against the world.

Of course, he did not think that his task ended there; if it had, it would have been comparatively easy. There was much more before him.

I have hills far steeper to climb, valleys much darker to pass through. . . . I have got to make everything that has happened to me good for me. The plank bed, the loathsome food, the hard ropes shredded into oakum till one's finger-tips grow dull with pain, the menial offices with which each day begins and finishes, the harsh orders that routine seems to necessitate, the dreadful dress that makes sorrow grotesque to look at, the silence, the solitude, the shame—each and all of these things I have to transform into a spiritual experience.

JEERED AT ON A RAILWAY PLATFORM.

Teaching himself this lesson day after day, schooling himself to learn again how to find happiness in life, his mind went back to many of the incidents of his disgrace. Even the most dreadful did not move him to bitterness.

On November 13, 1895, I was brought down here (Reading) from London. From two o'clock till half-past two on that day I had to stand on the centre platform of Clapham Junction in my dress, and handcuffed, for the world to look at.

I had been taken out of the hospital ward without a moment's notice being given to me. Of all possible objects I was the most grotesque. When people saw me they laughed. Each train as it came up swelled the audience. Nothing could exceed their amusement. That was, of course, before they knew who I was. As soon as they had been informed, they laughed still more.

For half an hour I stood there in the grey November rain, surrounded by a jeering mob. . . . Well, now I am really beginning to feel more regret for the people who laughed than for myself.

If he could write like that of those who behaved brutally to him, imagine what tender gratitude and reverence he felt for those who gave him of their sympathy.

He tells in the most touching language how one who had known him (he does not give the name) passed him in the corridor of the Law Courts when he had been taken there from prison to be examined as a bankrupt. Before the whole crowd, whom an action so sweet and simple hushed into silence, this unnamed good Samaritan gravely raised his hat as he passed the handcuffed prisoner.

Men have gone to Heaven for smaller things than that. It was in this spirit, and with this motive of love, that the sailor knelt down to wash the feet of the poor, or stooped to kiss the leper on the cheek. . . . When wisdom has been proofless to me, philosophy barren, and the proverbs and phrases of those who have sought to give me consolation as dust and ashes in my mouth, the memory of that little, low, silly man for whom I was once a man, and all the wells of pity; made the desert blossom like a rose, and brought me out of the bitterness of lonely exile into harmony with the wounded, broken, and great heart of the world.

Mrs. Granpian with emphasis. "At one time they were in despair. Indeed, people used to say that, although Lady Betty was so much older than he, she was the only woman in England for whom Tony Heron would ever be induced to renounce his liberty."

"Really," said Joan, with a faint, delicious smile.

The evening passed somehow. She saw him again before the vent to bed. Sandwiches and other light refreshments were served in the library; the bridge-players reluctantly abandoned their game, and the old-fashioned custom was observed of handing the ladies of the party their candlesticks in the great, oak-raftered and panelled hall.

When Tony walked to Joan's side, and managed to keep her for a few minutes a little distance away from the other groups.

Her heart leaped at his near presence. His eyes took up the tale just where they had left it off.

"What an interminable evening, my Blue Eyes," he said under his breath. "Hasn't it seemed long?"

"Ages and ages," she answered. "Did you hear me say that?" The most ordinary words had such a wonderful, new, intimate meaning that it did not seem to matter what she said.

"The very worst," he answered. "But I am glad. It means that I shall be lucky in love, you know. Then, with one of his sudden transitions of mood, he grew pale. 'I can't just about it,' he said harshly. 'I so nearly lost you—so very nearly.'"

A chorus of good-nights broke in on his low-spoken words.

"Blue Eyes," he added hastily, "mind you come with the other women to luncheon, to-morrow. Don't let anything prevent you. I'm going to walk back with you."

(Continued on page 18.)

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

anything wonderful has happened, although it is the most wonderful thing in the world for you and me. But for the present it must be a secret between us. Didn't I tell you," he added, with an irresistibly happy little laugh, "that you would help me to find fairyland?"

She did not say a word, except with a smile that made him hurry her down the long gallery, after he had closed the window, lest he should be tempted to take her in his arms again. Words had no meaning for her. Fairyland, or Heaven, or Earthly Paradise, it was all the same thing. She was living in the very heart of things.

Tony Heron and she sat there, in a voice that could be heard all over the room, and was quite natural and careless, with just the right amount of interest in it:—

"I have been renewing my acquaintance with Miss Tempest, Mrs. Granpian, and we have been admiring the portraits in the gallery. I believe I promised to play bridge."

"They were looking for you," Mrs. Granpian answered, with a look of curiosity and admiration at the girl who had monopolised him for quite half an hour. "Do you know the card-room, Mr. Heron?" It's next to the billiard-room. I know they are waiting for you so anxiously. We are going to have a little music here. We are not dancing to-night, as you men have to be up so early in the morning. Do you play bridge, my dear," she added, turning to Joan,

"No," was the girl's answer. "My mother tried to teach me, Mrs. Granpian, but she gave it up as a bad job."

Tony went off to the card-room, and Mrs. Granpian asked Joan to come and sit down beside her and listen to the music.

The eyes of everybody in the room were fixed on the tall, slim, white figure, as she walked by her sister's side. The girl was not aware of it. She was conscious of nothing. All outside things were utterly detached from her. She moved like one in a dream. It stood her in good stead, and people thought it was part of that stolidly grave manner that, apparently, was capable of arousing interest in a blasé worldling like Tony Heron, to the extent of any rate, of inducing him to remain with her on tête-à-tête for more than half an hour.

"Is Mr. Heron a great friend of yours?" asked Mrs. Granpian, as they sat down on a big white and gold couch. The room was almost deserted, the older people having retired to play bridge and the young folk to the billiard-room. There remained two or three young men, who loved to sing when they were alone, and a few women, and a slightly larger number of young women, rivals in the accompanying business, who were willing to pander to their vanity, either for the sake of their titles, or their incomes, or both. One of the young men had begun to pour out his soul in a passionate long song, his rich, baritone filling the great room with a most all unpleasing effect.

To Joan it was as if she were assisting at some stage play. That strange, detached part of her that took notice of external things heard the words and music of the song, just as it heard her hostess's question and answered it without hesitation.

"I never saw Mr. Heron in Paris," she said composedly. "No, we did not know him here. He is a friend of a great friend of ours—Lady Betty Somerville."

"A very great friend of Lady Betty," remarked

The adage that beauty is only skin deep has become so firmly rooted in the popular mind that the question is rarely accorded reasonable consideration. The ancients certainly studied the matter more closely and argued from far deeper premises. The care of the body was a serious study. The Greeks particularly were very careful about their ablutions, and the subsequent artistic anointing of the body with sweet smelling unguents, was a necessity of daily life. Nowadays, ablutions, as typified by the cold bath or tub, are as necessary as one's breakfast; whilst healthy exercise, as exemplified by a morning walk, is considered the natural and necessary part of the day. However, realised the need of food for the skin. The extreme necessity of caring for the skin is to a large extent lost sight of at the present day. It is only when an unhealthy redness, or even pimples, put in an appearance, that a sudden rush is made to an illogical and equally ineffective specific.

CARE OF THE SKIN.

If the pores become blocked, whether by neglect of the ordinary rules of hygiene, or by skin disease, ill-health is sure to result. If the skin be unhealthy, it cannot properly perform its functions of removing the perspiration and excreta, the waste of the system. The remainder of these pores secrete the natural oil of the skin, which imparts to its well-known soft, smooth appearance and elasticity.

WHAT THE SKIN IS.

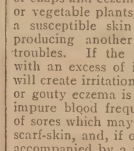
The skin is at once a beautiful organ like the lungs, and a natural loom for the manufacture of the beautiful protecting blanket (for such it really is) called the cuticle or scarf-skin, which thinly envelops the entire exterior of the body.

The surface of the skin is covered with millions of tiny pores or glands. The bulk of these pores remove, by means of the perspiration, the watery waste of the system. The remainder of these pores secrete the natural oil of the skin, which imparts to its well-known soft, smooth appearance and elasticity.

WHAT A SKIN TROUBLE IS.

Where anything affects the vitality or health of the scarf-skin some form of skin trouble is the inevitable result. Thus, if too much oil is secreted, the oil accumulates on the surface and in the glands themselves, producing a muddy complexion and face spots. On the other hand, if the supply of oil is scanty, a delicate, irritable skin is the result, and is frequently the forerunner of chaps and eczema. Certain insects or microbes, or vegetable plants, when brought in contact with a susceptible skin eat into the cuticle or hair, producing the most serious and irritating skin troubles. If the perspiration is acid and laden with an excess of irritant impurities, this in time will create irritation and inflammation. Rheumatic or gouty eczema is a familiar illustration. Lastly, impure blood frequently shows itself in the form of sores which may or may not go deeper than the scarf-skin, and, if of a malarial character, are usually accompanied by a matter or yellowish discharge.

Poor Baby!



Skin troubles may be divided as follows:—

1. Those caused by excessive secretion of oil.
2. Those caused by deficient secretion of oil.
3. Those caused by excessive formation of scarf-skin.
4. Those caused by temporary loss of scarf-skin.
5. Those caused by unhealthy scarf-skin.
6. Those caused by irritant or acid perspiration.
7. Those caused by impure blood.
8. Those caused by insects and vegetable moulds.
9. Those affecting special parts of the body.

THE "ANTEXEMA" SKIN REMEDIES.

Twenty years ago we introduced the wonderful skin remedy "Antexema" and the "Antexema" treatment, the simplest and yet the most certain method of immediately relieving, and ultimately curing skin troubles, that the world has ever seen. "Antexema" is a cooling, healing cream, which is cleanly and pleasant to use, and if applied sparingly is scarcely visible on the skin. Its distinctive feature is that when rubbed into the skin, it forms a temporary scarf-skin, which, by taking the place of the lost or diseased cuticle, enables a fresh and healthy one to form naturally.

"Antexema" not only cures all skin troubles, but should be used as "food for the skin." This is

Before Use



THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

We are always glad to give advice by letter as to the best way to use our preparations on receipt of stamp for postage.

Thousands of letters testifying to the value of "Antexema" can be seen at our offices. The one regret expressed by the writers is that they did not know of "Antexema" sooner. "Antexema" will cure any skin complaint. Its benefits are immediately felt. Read the booklet "Skin Troubles" is enclosed with every bottle. "Antexema" is supplied by Chemists and Stores at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., or can be obtained direct post free in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. It should be in every home.

Any sufferer not absolutely convinced of the value of "Antexema" may receive a free, unbound envelope naming *Daily Mirror*, for free sample bottle with a valuable treatise on Skin Troubles and 200 letters from persons who have been cured. Address: "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.

"As man was created for health, so was mankind created for happiness."—MAETERLINCK.

IF YOU FOLLOW popular methods of attaining health and strength you will, sooner or later, discover two fallacies underlying them.

1. That you may get strong without getting healthy.
2. That the principle of all gymnastic or exercise work, viz., that muscle is best developed by doing work or opposing resistance, is a laborious fallacy.

THE MACDONALD SMITH SYSTEM

is based on new, sound physiological PRINCIPLES, and is an organised WHOLE.

"Of signal value, and marks a new Era in the World of Physical Development."—(Rev.) S. ROWLAND HOSBONS, Rogerstone, Newport, Mon.

IF YOU ARE a thoughtful man or woman you will like to know the TRUTH about Physical Culture. It is wiser to follow scientific fact than mere dogmatic assertions of authority.

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(Fifth Series.)

FROM A WHOLESALE PROVISION MERCHANT, after THREE Lessons.—

"Although I have put such long days in, I have never been better in my life than I have been these last few months, and everybody says how well I look."—T. Y., Leicester, April, 1904.

FROM A CLERGYMAN, after TWO Lessons.—

"Perhaps my praise is of little value, but I do thoroughly endorse all that has been said in praise of your system. I am not as stout or heavy as I was, but feel more nimble and supple, and have greater activity of brain. I am, in fact, thoroughly convinced of the soundness of your system, and that after considerable study, theoretical and practical of the whole subject."—C. T., Petermannsburg, December, 1903.

FROM A SCHOOLMASTER, after FINISHING THE COURSE.—

"I may say I am still improving and feeling better than ever I did. I saw my doctor at Christmas, and he says I have improved wonderfully, which I feel is entirely due to your teaching. Accept my heartiest thanks."—P. W., Wigan, February, 1904.

THE MACDONALD SMITH SYSTEM is so successful because the system of FULL-CONTRACTION is the most successful, and perhaps the only fundamental principle of Muscular Training that has been brought forward.

It can be carried out altogether at Home and Without Assistance; it gives you the power of doing more and better mental work without fatigue; and it gives you increased mental capacity.

Complete COURSE of SIX LESSONS by POST. Natural Means. No Medicine. No Apparatus.

FEES according to difficulty of Treatment required: 75 per cent. of fees returned if unsatisfactory.

"PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF BRAIN AND BODY."

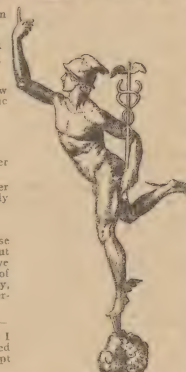
(Essay, Paris International Congress of Physical Education.)

By MACDONALD SMITH, Member International Commission of Physical Education Discoverer of the Full-Contraction Principle of Muscular Training. 7d. post free.

"The most valuable sevenpence worth I have ever obtained."—J. H., Rinkhead.

Descriptive Booklet with Copies of Testimonials, post free, explains the System fully.

D. MACDONALD SMITH, 19, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.



Sound Life Assurance

The British Widows Assurance Company, Ltd., beg to draw attention to the benefits which have just been very largely extended under their popular system of combining Industrial Assurance with the purchase of their High-class Tea and Cocoa. The "British Widows" is a system of Assurance offering a variety of benefits more Prudential, Provident and Economic than any other form of Industrial Assurance, and is actuarially and financially sound. The following Benefits are offered to weekly purchasers of Tea or Cocoa, or both:—

CLASS C.

CLASS E.

CLASS F.

If in Full Benefit.

If in Full Benefit.

If in Full Benefit.

1. A weekly payment for life to Wife on Husband's Death in the United Kingdom by Accident or Permanent Disablement by Accident of—

21 to weekly purchasers of 1 lb. £10/-

10/- " " " " £5/-

5/- " " " " £2 10/-

2. A weekly payment for life to Wife on Husband's Partial Disablement by Accident in the United Kingdom of—

10/- to weekly purchasers of 1 lb. £5/-

5/- " " " " £2 10/-

2/6 " " " " £1 10/-

If in Partial Benefit.

Husband's Age next Birthday date of Proposal.	Single Payment to weekly purchasers of 1 lb. £10/-	£	s.
exceeding 30	90	45	22 10
31-35	80	40	20 0
36-40	70	35	17 10
41-45	60	30	15 0
46-50	50	25	12 10
51-55	40	20	10 0

Husband's Age next Birthday date of Proposal.	Single Payment to weekly purchasers of 1 lb. £10/-	£	s.
exceeding 30	50	25	12 10
31-35	44	22	11 0
36-40	38	19	9 10
41-45	32	16	8 0
46-50	26	13	7 0
51-55	20	10	6 0

3. A weekly payment for 26 weeks to Wife on Husband's Death or Permanent Disablement as above.

21 to weekly purchasers of 1 lb. £10/-

10/- " " " " £5/-

5/- " " " " £2 10/-

2/6 " " " " £1 10/-

4. A weekly payment for 26 weeks to Wife on Husband's Partial Disablement as above.

10/- to weekly purchasers of 1 lb. £5/-

5/- " " " " £2 10/-

2/6 " " " " £1 10/-

If in Partial Benefit, quarter of the corresponding sums above.

If in Partial Benefit, quarter of the corresponding sums above.

Notwithstanding this Class the Wife's age above shall not exceed the Husband's.

A Purchaser is in Full Benefit after 52 weeks' purchases; Partial Benefit after 26 weeks' purchases.

A SEPARATE POLICY ISSUED TO EACH CUSTOMER.

Bonuses.

In addition to the above Benefits, at the end of each period of five years (the first being as on the 31st December, 1903) a valuation of the assets and liabilities of the Life Assurance Fund will be made by an Actuary, and any surplus available shall be apportionable among the policyholders whose purchases at the date of the quinquennial valuation would entitle them to "Full Benefit," and such apportionment shall be made in such manner as the Board shall determine.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION NECESSARY.

Actuarial Certification.

The British Widows Assurance System has been certified to be actuarially sound by two actuaries of the highest standing.

Statutory Deposit.

The Company has deposited with the Government £20,000 required by the Life Assurance Companies' Act, 1870.

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GLASGOW: 383, High St.
GRIMSBY: 365, Cleethorpes Rd.
HULL: 386, Hessle Rd.
SOUTH COAST: 38, Gt. Tower St. E.C.
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Agents required in every Town. Terms on application.

To those about to Furnish.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Special Offer.

WOLFE & HOLLANDER, LTD.

the well-known first-class West-end firm of House Furnishers and Decorators, being desirous of extending their already large cash business, are prepared to arrange privately to supply HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, Carpets, Bedsteads, and Bedding, and every possible requisite in house furnishing, also to undertake contracts for decorations and electric lighting upon deferred terms of payment to suit clients' convenience. The whole of the stock (acknowledged to be one of the handsomest and best varied in London) is marked in plain figures for cash. For the accommodation a charge of 5 per cent. is only made.

All goods delivered and fixed free, and in every instance clients will be treated as cash customers. New Illustrated Catalogue and full particulars on application.

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BORWICK'S POWDER

THE BEST BAKING POWDER IN THE WORLD.

ZOX Cures Neuralgia



The illustration presents in the prominent line the nerve of the fifth branch, which are most liable to the attack of Neuralgia. All who suffer will be glad to know of ZOX, a simple and sure remedy, certified free from injurious substances by Dr. A. B. Griffiths, The Proprietors of the Remedy offer to send two free sample ZOX Powders to any reader of the DAILY MIRROR who will send stamped addressed envelope.

ZOX POWDERS can be obtained of Chemists, Stores, &c., at 1s. and 2s. 6d. a box, or post free from the ZOX CO., 11, Holton Garden, London, E.C.

F. HODGSON & SONS, CITY OF LEEDS, offer this week 500 Ladies' Beautiful Combination Costumes, complete for out or indoor spring wear, in Cheviot, Serge, Cashmere, and Satens, in Black, Navy, Grey, etc., with beautifully trimmed Bodice and Skirt, as illustrated. MUST BE SOLD AT 5/6 each (postage 6d. extra) WILL BE TIERED LAST. This line is a bargain at Half a Guinea. Special Offer—3 Complete Costumes for 10/-.

This offer may not be repeated. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials received. Gallery Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearths, Table Linen, Curtains, Skirts, etc., Post Free, if mentioning "Daily Mirror," 2s. 2/6, while writing. Cheques and P.O.'s payable to—

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VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

The purest and most efficient Remedy procurable for COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, WEAK LUNGS, and CHILDREN'S COUGHS.

BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure

Prepared by Rev. W. W. TULLOCH, D.D., Bonar

Presbyterian Minister, Glasgow, Scotland.

I have been a sufferer from asthma all my life and lately I have been cured by Veno's Lightning Cough Cure.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure a valuable medicine.

W. LASCHELLE-SCOTT, F.R.M.S., in his Certificate of Analysis, among other things says:—"I have pleasure in certifying that in my opinion VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE is an exceptionally pure, safe, and effective preparation."

LARGE TRIAL 9d. Regular Sizes, 1/6 and 2/6.

Ask for Veno's Lightning Cough Cure at Chemist and Drug Stores everywhere.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN, 5, Agar St., London, Editor "Womenhood" and a great authority upon children's diseases, writes:—"Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is an excellent 'cure' for children's coughs."

It is a relief to give a very simple, safe, and effective preparation.

The preparation is perfectly safe and sure.

W. LASCHELLE-SCOTT, F.R.M.S., in his Certificate of Analysis, among other things says:—"I have pleasure in certifying that in my opinion VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE is an exceptionally pure, safe, and effective preparation."

LARGE TRIAL 9d. Regular Sizes, 1/6 and 2/6.

Ask for Veno's Lightning Cough Cure at Chemist and Drug Stores everywhere.

BABY CARRIAGES

sent to any part of the Country on Easy Terms for 5s. per month. New designs for 1905 post free.

Repairs a speciality. Estimates free. Our vans collect in all parts of London daily.

W. J. HARRIS and CO., Ltd., 31, RYE LANE, PECKHAM, and Branches.

THE MONEY MAKERS.

RHODA TESTS POST OFFICE POSSIBILITIES.

Part III.

It came to pass that at breakfast on the eleventh day Aunt Tryphena spoke to her assembled nieces, though she addressed me particularly, employing what was a singularly tender manner for her, and evidently suppressing with difficulty the tears that blurred her sight.

HOME FOR GIRLS.

"I have thought over what Rhoda and Enid proposed the other evening," she said slowly, "and I have come to the conclusion that, within certain limitations, it is my duty to accede to Rhoda's desire to endeavour to earn money. Not to Enid's, nor that of the rest of you girls, so far. This being so, I shall consent to Rhoda's going to London to stay in the Home for Girls Mrs. Hardy conducts, and during that period I desire that my eldest niece shall endeavour to find employment, she taking Mrs. Shaw's advice (it will be gladly given, for Mrs. Shaw is a woman who loves girls, and, incidentally, is an old friend of mine) as to where to apply for it.

GAINING EXPERIENCE.

"While you are looking out, Rhoda," continued my aunt, "I shall expect you to give us an account of your experiences. Should it be Enid's wish to follow your example, your experience will be very valuable to her. Your other sisters will also look to you to glean information, if they in course of time desire to fly away from this poor little nest."

This is why I, Rhoda Egerton, aged nearly twenty-two, find myself now installed in the Home for Girls over which Mrs. Shaw presides. Aunt Tryphena put me on my nettle when she sent me here, to a dull street in the neighbourhood of a dreary London square, where, for 10s. a week, I receive board and lodging in company with some 200 other girls, all busy bees in various employments. For my sleeping cubicle I pay 2s. 6d. a week, and for my complete board a week 4s. 6d.; or, if meals are bought separately, the charge is for breakfast 2d., for dinner 6d., for tea 2d., and for supper 1d. All is very clean, but certainly not luxurious.

GIRL WHO NEVER FAILS.

"Are you in earnest, dear?" asked Mrs. Shaw when she devoted one of her precious quarters of an hour to me and my ambitions on the evening of my arrival. I answered with a steadfast affirmative.

"Then you'll find work," she said. "I never met the girl who really meant to do so who failed."

I wrote my first letter to the home folk three days later, and I flatter myself Aunt Tryphena must give me credit for not losing any time over the discovery of information. It ran thus:—

Home House, Smith-walk, W.C.

Dear Aunt Tryphena,—You have heard about my journey and arrival in London, so I will plunge straight away into the information I have already amassed upon the great subject of employment for women.

My object, as you know, was to find work for myself that I could enter without an expensive and

lengthy preliminary training. I thought, first of all, that it might be well for me to obtain a position in the Post Office service. Several of the girls here are so employed, and they appear to be happy and contented. But I speedily discovered that, except in the department for female typists, where the age limit is from eighteen to thirty, I was over age, and, as you know, I am not a typist. The age for female learners in the Postmaster-General's Department in London is not under fifteen nor over eighteen; that for girl clerks is from not under sixteen to not over eighteen, and for women clerks not under eighteen nor over twenty. Still, it may be of use to Enid and the others to know what is required of candidates in this department of the Civil Service. To begin with, only strong and healthy girls can compete with any chance of success, for the medical examination is severe, and most particularly are the eyes and teeth subjected to close scrutiny, though spectacles are permitted.

GOOD HOLIDAYS GIVEN.

Even height is taken into consideration, and no candidate is eligible who is under five feet. Good holidays are given to workers in this department. For example, the clerks get a month during the year and the sorters and telegraphists three weeks. The working hours are moderate in length—that is to say, the clerks work seven hours and the telegraphists and sorters eight hours a day.

Examinations are held only as vacancies occur, and notice of them is given by advertisements in the principal London and provincial newspapers. Applications for examinations must be made on the special forms that are obtained from the Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, S.W., or from one or other of the following addresses: Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, East Harding-street, Fleet-street, E.C.; Messrs. Menzies and Co., 12, Hanover-street, Edinburgh, and 90, West Nile-street, Glasgow; and Messrs. Hodges, Figgis and Co., Ltd., 104, Grafton-street, Dublin.

The female learners in the Postmaster-General's

A spring frock
made of
myrtle-green
cloth with velvet
trimmings,
and a
chemisette
of cream
cloth
embroidered
with gold.

Department in London receive on appointment a salary of 10s. a week for three months, 12s. for the next six months if qualified to transmit public messages, and 14s. a week for the next twelve if qualified to take charge of a moderately busy circuit. Then they may receive 15s. 6d. until they are nineteen years of age, and there are other advances in salary to be expected.

The subjects for examination differ for the female learners, girl clerks, and the women clerks, but I found that handwriting and orthography are required in each, also arithmetic, English composition and geography; and from the women and girl clerks English history, French, or German. It is customary to undergo a period of special coaching for the examinations, which is

one of the reasons why I abandoned the project on my own account. The female typists are of course obliged to be mistresses of the typewriter. Did I mention that candidates in all departments must either be unmarried women or widows? We should all answer the qualifications in these respects at least, should we not?

I made it my business to discover what I could about the typewriter, and at the same time glean some valuable information concerning shorthand as well. But this and my own prospects I will narrate next time I write.—Your loving niece, RHODA.

[The preceding articles of this group appeared in the "Daily Mirror" of February 13 and 16.]



SUPREME IN QUALITY

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE

UNRIVALED IN DELICACY OF FLAVOUR

YES, FREE! F. HODGSON AND SONS, City of Leeds, will send to every reader of the "Daily Mirror" (25/1905) namely, on receipt of Postal order for 5s. 6d., with postage and duty, one of our Ladies' Beautiful Tailor-made Cloth and Dress Costumes, Skirts, in Black or Navy. Elaborately trimmed with Silhouette strapings, fastened at side, and fitted with good linette pocket. We shall present FREE with each Skirt a Ladies' Fashionably manufactured, richly polished, nickel steel frame, with detachable mirror, to suit to waist-belt, or, if preferred, a beautiful 18-carat Gold Pattern Curb Bracelet, with two Emeralds, mounted with pearls and turquoise, and a pair of diamond-studded forget-me-nots. Cased with pure gold.

Sizes: 28, 30, 32 in.

100,000 RUGS Given Away.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of the "Daily Mirror." 25/1905. On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward, direct from our Works, a beautiful

REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN HALF-GUINEA BRUSSELETTE CARPETS.

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bed-room, etc., handsomely bordered, in thirty different Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, and Floral Art. Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. These Carpets, with Rug PRICES will be sent out as sample Carpets, thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to Match, or we will send Two Carpets and TWO RUGS for 10/6. Money willingly Returned if not approved. Thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials Received. Galaxy Catalogue of Carpets, Hearings, Table Linens, Curtains, Shirts, etc., post free. If mentioning "Daily Mirror" (25/1905) while writing, Cheques and P.O.'s payable to

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. D.R.), Manufacturers, Importers, & Merchants, Woodley Road, LEEDS.

Macintosh's TOFFEE.

Takes Well Everywhere.

PEACH-SKIN TABLET

For ensuring Perfect Hands, Skin, and Complexion. The true producer of a **SMOOTH & PEACHY SKIN** Unequalled for CHAPPED HANDS, CHILBLAINS, AND SORE LIPS. It refreshes all Creams, Washes, Lotions, and other similar expensive and inconvenient applications.

DIRECTIONS.—Just before going to bed rub the tablet in the palms of the hands so as to melt a small quantity of it. Rub this well over the skin wherever it needs attention. Continue rubbing until all is absorbed. May also be used in the same way for Freckles, Sunburn, Tins, or as a soothing application to insect bites and stings.

Price 2d. PREPARED ONLY BY THE CENTRAL TRADING CO., Ltd., Dept. A. 41, Basin Street, London, E.C. 2d.

Page Woodcock's Pills

Have for 50 years been the safe, sure and speedy remedy for all Stomach and Liver Troubles. Of all Chemists, 1/11 & 2/9.

£5 Per Week earned by

Advertisement Writers. You can learn quickly & we help you to a position. Illus' Prospectus Free. **PAGE-DAVIS ADVERTISING SCHOOL**, 109, LONDON ST.

Family News

Fels-Naptha saves half the labour and wear of washing.

Worth ten times its price.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

Her eyes told him that she needed no bidding. The hours would be long enough before she saw him again.

He clasped her hand. Her fingers clung to his; there was a fever in the soft, white skin. Monte, ago, in Paris, the women in her had opened drowsy eyes for a moment and then slumbered on; now she was awakened for good, and would never sleep again.

"Good-night, Blue Eyes," the man murmured, with passionate tenderness. "May the hours pass quickly. God bless you, my love."

When she had gone up the stairs the world grew empty again.

Joan slept all through the night soundly and dreamlessly as a child, and woke up to find the pale winter sun streaming in at her window, and a strange, beatific knowledge in her heart that something wonderful had happened.

She ran to the window and flung it open, and leaned out, greeting the sun—and remembered.

With the morning, and away from the intoxication of the man's presence, came a terrible, a heart-breaking reaction. A dark cloud hung over her soul.

Her mother had said that she must never marry Anthony Heron, that she would rather see her lying dead at her feet than married to him. And she had promised that she never would, trembling with horror and shame and fear.

And last night she had forgotten all that; but now, in the cold, bright, cruel morning, she remembered.

She shuddered and closed her eyes, and hid her face in her hands.

For a long time she stayed there, at the open window, with her head bowed in her hands, and at last she was aroused by the maid coming into the room with her breakfast tray.

On it were two letters. Joan recognised the two handwritings at once. One was Lady Betty's and the other her mother's.

She did not look at the tempting food, or pour out her tea, but sat down and opened both the letters, her mother's first.

"Dear old Joan," Vanna wrote, "Lady Betty was so disappointed that you didn't turn up yesterday. I think you'd better give the people at Peverile the slip and come to Greenacre at once. Lady Betty has been so awfully good to us that I want you to study her before anyone else. You can make any excuse. Say that I have sent for you unexpectedly; that is quite enough. I suppose you aren't enjoying yourself so frightfully, are you? You never did care for your full-creatures, you foolish hermit."

"An revoir. You'd better come at once. I will meet you. Billy will look out the trains.—Yours, V. T."

Lady Betty's letter was shorter, and the girl's eyes grew wide with misery as she read it.

"My dear little Joan.—You will know by this time that it is absolutely impossible for you to stay at Peverile. I need say no more. Your mother knows nothing. I have simply said that I was so disappointed not to have you, and she proposed sending for you at once. I am sure you would have come away, even if we had not sent for you. It will be so nice having you here.—Your sincere old friend, BETTY SOMERVILLE."

(To be continued.)

EXERCISE AND BRAIN POWER

"Generally speaking," says Dr. A. T. Schofield, in a useful book just published, called "Nerves in Order, or the Maintenance of Health" (Hodder and Stoughton)—"generally speaking, the muscular system is in order when the person is about his right weight and takes plenty of exercise." The question is what kind to take.

There are very few people who, like Mr. Chamberlain, can afford to neglect every form of exercise. They are merely exceptions to the general rule. At the same time hard exercise is unsuited to brain-workers. Sir Oliver Lodge's experience is typical.

As to its effect upon work, whenever I have felt particularly well, as after ordinary hill-climbing or horse exercise, I have usually felt somewhat disinclined for work and incapable of the most severe forms of mental exercise.

To keep the physical condition of the brain as perfect as possible it is necessary to increase by exercise the flow of blood throughout the body.

Hard exercise fails to keep the blood pure. Ask any doctor who has watched the health of "strong men." He will tell you their blood is constantly laden with waste products. It is exercise of the "free movement" order, in which muscular actions are as full or ample as possible, which best maintains health of body and of mind.

If we apply this test to the various forms of popular exercise we find that easy sculling is one of the best (it gives very full movements to all the large muscles in the body simultaneously), and weight-lifting the worst. Between the two come cricket, tennis, running, walking, golf, football, and cycling.

MACDONALD SMITH.

Exception is taken by "Fair Play," in a letter from Bristol, for which room might probably have been found had it been more concise and had its partisan spirit been tempered with a little of that courtesy which is by no means uncommon in the ordinary white man's life, to my criticism on the late North and South match.

that my own judgment secured the concurrence of several members of the august Football Association Council. And I am still of opinion that trial matches are useless. Cluett is the best standard to take in the choice of representative eleven. I know that Chambers and Jones, of Bristol, are most excellent players, but neither was at the

The London Association Council is on the wrong tack in its endeavour to conserve the best interests of metropolitan football. It savours very much the cutting off the nose to spite the face, and the body dropping the nose to fix the face. Where we find this interest to London—these were obviously those with Tottenham Hotspur and the Corinthians. These are games with the highest-class professional and amateurs of London, and both were most appropriate as a body as that which is supposed to be

the foster-parent of London "Soccer." London eleven, if they have been unused to success in these games, have almost invariably "put up a good fight." What was the policy that dictated the abandonment of these fixtures?

Questionable Policy.

We have not surely reached such a pass that an important body like London will arrange only matches

which they have more than an even-money chance of success! Personally, I think there is too little thought for the game in all these governing bodies. They fiddle away in their legislative attempts to suppress the milder of expletives, which will come when the blood is up and you are in full cry, only to find a check in a bad back or an erring shot, and to see that the virginity of their amateurism is thoroughly chaperoned. And the game

* Cricket thrives under free trade, and I am for free trade in football. We want a little more thought for the football and a little less legislation about the definition of amateurism. "The Muffin and Crumpet Protection Society," as "Boz" would have said, was not "in it" with the London Football Association Council.

With the London Senior Cup and Amateur Cup semi-finals Clapton and Ilford are drawn together. The former tie will be played at Ilford on March 18, and the Amateur Cup semi-final will be on the 'Spurs' ground at Tottenham a week before.

They should be very good games, and be the Farm fields legion in the Clapton side. Ilford are confident of beating Clapton at home, particularly after their splendid win against the Royal Engineers.

The sub-committee of the Football Association has given Shepherd's Bush the distinction of the final for

The Football Association is usurping the very birth-right of the football player, which is supposed to be that freedom typical of England. The London League trip to Paris on March 19 has been proclaimed. All the arrangements had been made for it. The London League was at fault in asking for permission to

make the trip. Its only course now is to appeal to the full council, which meets on March 6.

TEMLAR.

THE CITY.

Consols Strong—Belief in Peace Ru

mours Japanese Bonds Go Up.

CAPOL COURT, Wednesday Evening.—It was an interesting day on the Stock Exchange. The carry-over found the banks charging reasonable rates for Stock Exchange loans, though the rather stiffer carry-over rates on the Stock Exchange itself seemed to indicate increased speculation recently. Consols, however, were a strong market at 91½, and with this the case the gilt-edged section had a favouring influence on most other markets. The improvement in the price of improvement in trade

afforded by the Board of Trade Returns there are no added weekly arrays of excellent traffics. The showing to-day were excellent, except in the case of the Great Northern, and at one time the market was decidedly buoyant. A good deal of stock was sold later, but the close was firm, and Home Rails must advance if present

Grand Trunk was made a strong market in preparation for the issue of its \$100,000,000 4 per cent. bonds, with the guarantee of the Great Southern. The Rosario has at last begun to record increased Argentine Rails were a cheerful market all round.

Other Foreign Rails as a whole were good, even the Mexican group showing very little irregularity on rather poor traffics. Good traffics in the Cuban group, at the same reason added to shortage of stock in the Brazilian group, accounted for these sections being particularly firm.

There was a strong tendency again for Japanese bonds as a result of the talk of peace negotiations, which

market persists in believing in, despite Russian denials. Moreover, the Continent seems to be in an equally sanguine mood. Japanese bonds were very buoyant, rising 1 to 2 per cent. Russians were also firm at first, but fell later on indemnity payment fears. South and Central American bonds were supported, and among the usual Continental favourites Portuguese securities became put better in view of the coming tobacco loan. An attempt was made to put up shares of the copper group, but without much success. The indications of the strides made in motor traction were furnished by the North Metropolitan Tramways meeting today, where the chairman spoke of the company's

ing motors with favour on their lines. Hudson Bay was strong on a light carry-over rate, and the South African mining shares opened strong, but more it became evident that at least one of the financial houses was working for the fall, and there was a setback, though later the market recovered. West Africans were in more request, and there was a distinct improvement in the West African section, where people are now talking of working costs on the Taquah

6 | being below those of the Rand when the industry re
9 | gets to work.

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